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Mrs. Fizzlebury's New Girl.

DE CORDOVA.

"AIN'T YE COMIN' TO BED? IT'S RALE COLD ANYHOW WID THE DOOR OPEN!" See page 21.

MRS. FIZZLEBURY'S NEW GIRL.

A TRULY DOMESTIC STORY.

BY

ROBERT J. DE CORDOVA.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. CANTON.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"An ingenious story, well told, but evidently plagiarized from the Second Book of Homer."—*Herald.*

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Introductory..... 9

CHAPTER II.

The Fizzlebury Family..... 13

CHAPTER III.

The Opening Scene in the Attic..... 19

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Otto Potthausen..... 25

CHAPTER V.

Potthausen, Parkin & Co. in the "Intelligence Office" Business..... 34

CHAPTER VI.

The New Girl, Parkin..... 44

CHAPTER VII.

The New Girl is Disgusted..... 57

CHAPTER VIII.

Attempted Escape of the New Girl..... 64

CHAPTER IX.

The Bloated Aristocrat of the Kitchen..... 70

CHAPTER X.

PAGE

Monsieur Couac—Not Monsieur de Couac..... 79

CHAPTER XI.

Monsieur de Couac—Not Monsieur Couac..... 87

CHAPTER XII.

The New Girl Seriously at Work Under Difficulties.... 94

CHAPTER XIII.

The Conspiracy..... 101

CHAPTER XIV.

There is some Confusion in the Correspondence..... 109

CHAPTER XV.

Highly Detrimental to the New Girl's Character..... 113

CHAPTER XVI.

The Melancholy Exposure..... 120

CHAPTER XVII.

The Battle of the Rivals..... 128

CHAPTER XVIII.

Black Friday and Humble Pie..... 138

CHAPTER XIX.

Parkin Again Makes the Acquaintance of Mr. Fizzlebury..... 149

CHAPTER XX.

The Wedding Breakfast..... 153

MRS. FIZZLEBURY'S NEW GIRL.

CHAPTER I.

The first scene to which I would introduce the reader of this narrative is an attic floor in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fizzlebury, in Never-mind-what Street, and at No-matter-what number, at a tolerably sharp distance up-town in the City of New York. It was a square and very bare compartment, which had been partitioned to make two small bedrooms, evidently for the occupation of servants. The rest of the floor remained as the builders had left it, save for the presence of four old weather-beaten trunks, which looked as though they might once have been new and could tell of better days.

Of the two apartments in this attic both were rudely and sparely, not to say coarsely, furnished. Each had its wooden bedstead and its

little table with a chipped washbasin on it. The walls, bare of paper and sadly in need of paint, were dirty, and exhibited proofs that many matches had been made to contribute to the burning of the midnight oil—evidently oil, as there were no gas-burners. The coverlets had the appearance of having been deprived of the attention of a laundress for many months, and the pillow-case in each room—there were two pillows on each bed, but only one of them was treated to the luxury of a case—was dirty as with stains of grease. A small bit of rug, so full of holes that it was hard to tell how little of the floor it might have occupied when it was new or how much it would ultimately occupy before it fell altogether to rags, was in one room. The floor of the other chamber was entirely bare. In the apartment which was beautified with the rug just mentioned, there was a small bit of looking-glass, held in its place against the wall by the aid of three nails; a glass of no shape known to civilized geometry, though it might have found its counterpart in any piece taken hap-hazard out of one of the curious little ivory boxes containing Chinese puzzles. Both apartments were so extremely small that a

servant called upon to occupy either of them might properly have regarded herself in the light of a document, to be pigeonholed at night and taken out in the morning.

The chamber which had the advantage of the rug and the looking-glass was evidently in the occupation of a woman-servant, for a black dress and a bonnet were hanging on nails driven into the wall. The rugless and mirrorless apartment was without an occupant at the time of which we are speaking, and was closed and locked.

To explain why I have said "at the time of which we are speaking," it is necessary to declare at once the peculiar feature (well known to all the dwellers in the neighborhood) of these two apartments.

Mrs. Fizzlebury kept two servants—that is to say, that her residence passed at the "Intelligence Offices" for a house where two servants were kept. For consistency's sake, therefore—if for no better motive—two servants' rooms were provided. But during the fifteen years of Mrs. Fizzlebury's tenancy of that house, both servants' rooms had never been known to be occupied at one and the same time. The reason whereof was that Mrs. Fizzlebury so frequently changed her servants

that when she had a cook she was always without a housemaid, and was on the look-out for one. And before she had acquired a housemaid, the cook had either been dismissed or had given in her resignation and left, of her own sweet will, the Fizzlebury service. Why this adverse destiny hung continually over the Fizzlebury mansion, confusing the Fizzlebury breakfasts and ruining the Fizzlebury dinners, leaving the house and furniture unclean and untidy, and in short throwing everything into disorder; souring the temper of Mr. Fizzlebury, hardening the heart of Mrs. Fizzlebury and worrying Miss Fizzlebury out of much of the romance affected by that young lady, must be told in another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIZZLEBURY FAMILY.

Mrs. Fizzlebury was a remarkably fine woman; with a remarkably fine husband, whom she "ordered about" in their domestic relations and worried—not to say badgered—in their daily life; and a remarkably fine daughter who, Mrs. Fizzlebury said, "had an eye that showed that she was born to command." Mrs. Fizzlebury was, likewise, one of that very numerous class of women who aim at so playing the cards of society as that they shall be regarded as very fashionable persons, without going to much expense, though they are ready to go to any amount of trouble, to entitle them to that distinction. To this end, Mrs. Fizzlebury gave, twice every season, two grand parties, whereto very many rich people were invited, of whom few came, and to which very few poor relations were asked, of whom all came. At these

splendid "*réunions*," as Mrs. Fizzlebury loved to call them (though she understood no more of French than the little dog which she ostentatiously carried when she took her airings in the hired carriage, with a driver in livery-stable livery, all buttons and a bad hat): at these *réunions*, there was always "supper," skilfully arranged to look very grand and hospitable, but very weak in material and soon consumed. Nobody was ever known to have an indigestion or a headache caused by a Fizzlebury supper.

In all this Mrs. Fizzlebury was to the fashionable world what the frog in the fable was to the ox. She was ready and willing to try, even to bursting, to obtain a status in what persons who are in society call "society," but she had not yet succeeded.

Mr. Fizzlebury, who was simply the clerk in attendance on his wife, we might say her cashier, paying her bills, and running on errands, sometimes to the butcher's or grocer's, and always to the "Intelligence Office," was likewise a very fine man, and a highly pious man, being a churchwarden, and occasionally letting his name appear in the newspapers in lists of collections for charitable, and especially for missionary, purposes.

He was to the general body of Christian philanthropists what the tadpole is to the frog; he might be one of them as soon as he had found the grace to be so, but he had not yet found the grace.

Miss Fizzlebury was called a remarkably fine girl by her flatterers; who might have been sincere if they really liked a tall, meagre, osseous, high-shouldered figure with thin, compressed lips, sandy hair, and that eye (it was a gray one and so was its fellow) which showed, according to her Mamma, that Miss Fizzlebury was "born to command."

The Fizzlebury family were, therefore—as was plain to be seen and understood by everybody—a remarkably fine family. But——

But they could not keep a servant longer than a week or ten days. Why such was the case I cannot explain, and if I could I would be afraid to do so; I can only repeat what was said, on both sides, on this subject.

Mrs. Fizzlebury said that *she* could not account for it; except that "the servants in this country are the most horrid, dirty, untruthful, dishonest, uncivil, treacherous, ungrateful wretches, my dear, that it is possible to imagine."

I know of families who, starting on the principle that even servants have feelings like other Christians; that they require more food than persons who do not perform manual labor; that they can be sensible of a kindness and can resent an injury or an insult,—contrive to keep their servants for years, and to make them attached to their home and its members.

But Mrs. Fizzlebury, who was a very fine woman, and Mr. Fizzlebury, who was a remarkably pious and charitable man, started with servants on a totally different theory. These excellent and fashionable persons regarded servants as animals with preposterous appetites which it was not wise to indulge; as creatures who, being ignorant and holding a station which offered no advantages whatever to the Fizzlebury family, must, from the outset, be regarded with suspicion and made to understand that everything said by them would be received with doubt until it could be proved by subsequent investigation. In short, the position of a servant was of itself *prima facie* evidence that it demanded vigilance on the part of the mistress to prevent the milk from being drunk like water and then watered like strong drink; the cold meat, bread, sugar,

coffee and tea from being surreptitiously abstracted for the benefit of relatives outside; and the coal from being disposed of, with the swill, to the dishonest soap-fat man, before the family came down in the morning. Thus the idea of a servant's presuming to expect the comforts of a moderately well-furnished bedroom, or being entitled to such luxuries as a servants' bath-room or a clean table-cloth at meals, or to reasonably frequent changes of bed-linen, was scouted as "simply ridiculous."

"My dear," Mrs. Fizzlebury has been heard to say to one of her fashionable friends, "my dear, they are just like the brutes of the field that we read of in the Scriptures. They cannot appreciate a kindness. I gave that rubbishing Maria one of my old collars last Monday, and she left me on the Tuesday. You cannot do anything for them. They are so ungrateful. And liars! oh!"

The servants, on the other hand, told an entirely different story. They said that the suppers at Mrs. Fizzlebury's parties might look very splendid, eked out as they were with cheap wine from which the labels had been carefully removed before the bottles were set on the table; but that

the food, all the rest of the year, was very scant, and what might be called "very short commons;" that the tea and sugar which Mrs. Fizzlebury gave out on Saturday night with the admonition that they must serve for the coming week, were insufficient for three days, but that the supply was never increased; that the "help" were treated as if they were dogs; and, to sum up, that the house was the meanest, stingiest, and most miserable in all the City of New York.

Accordingly, a servant would seldom remain many days, and could leave only after endless haggling concerning the exact amount of wages due, how much was to be deducted for breakages and forfeitures for not having remained longer, accompanied sometimes by the calling in of a policeman to turn out the refractory servant with less money than she ought to have had; with other and similar meannesses for which some remarkably fine families are unenviably notorious.

And thus it was that the house got a bad name at the "Intelligence Offices," and that Mrs. Fizzlebury was regarded as a highly cantankerous old girl who was always wanting a new girl.

CHAPTER III.

THE OPENING SCENE IN THE ATTIC.

THE reader will now return with me to the attic mentioned in the first chapter, for the purpose of being introduced to *the* New Girl whose very brief residence in Mrs. Fizzlebury's house is to be described in these pages.

No servant had ever entered that service so unwillingly or had stayed in it so short a time (the new girl was only twenty-eight hours in the Hotel Fizzlebury), or was so glad to leave it.

I have, then, the privilege of presenting the New Girl to you, as she stood, in an undecided attitude and with a troubled and even disdainful and angry countenance, outside the bedroom which had the advantage of the rug and the bit of looking-glass. The other pigeon-hole was closed and locked, and we shall have no further business with that apartment.

The door of the more favored room, already

occupied by the cook of the establishment, was half-open; and, if you had stood there, good reader, as the New Girl did, you would have remarked, as she did, that there came from it an unpleasant and musty odor, as of long imprisoned clothing originally laid in in a damp condition. It may have been for this reason, or from some equally powerful motive, that the New Girl, instead of entering the room which she was to share with the cook, and retiring for the night as any other new girl should and probably would have done, remained outside the door with an anxious, irritated and even terrified countenance, betokening, to say the least, uneasiness of mind.

She was a somewhat masculine woman was the New Girl, with cunning, spiteful eyes, and a rough face that might have belonged to a closely shaved man.

And there she stood at the half-opened door, as obstinate as a mule, and as deaf as an adder to the repeated invitations of the other domestic siren who, in occupying what she esteemed to be her "half" of the little bed, almost entirely filled it.

"Whist now!" said Cook, "what are ye doin'?

Ain't ye comin' to bed? It's rale cold here anyhow, wid the door open!"

"Why can't I have the other room to myself?" enquired the New Girl.

"Didn't I tell you already down stairs?" replied Cook. "Didn't I tell you there's a rat, and goodness knows what besides, dead somewhere in the flooring, and the smell's so awful bad that you couldn't bear yourself in it at all? I can smell it in here this minute; and the room's locked up till the smell goes away intirely, so you'll have to sleep in here wid me, and I wish you'd come in at onct and let me shut the door, for I'm shiverin' now."

The New Girl vouchsafed no answer and moved not a step.

"I'm only two days in the house myself," pursued the cook, speaking to herself, "and I don't think I'll stay here long, anyway. This is the most onconvanient pigpen of a room I was ever in in my life, and the bed's that hard—as hard as owld cider. It's your first night here, and I don't believe you'll sleep much at all, at all. But say? Are you goin' to stay there all night, or are you comin' to bed? I want to shut the door."

"You can shut the door av you please," said the New Girl at length, with a curious accent, which was neither Irish, German, English nor American, and with a gruff voice (another unwomanly feature), and with a quick, impatient and somewhat spiteful manner (a perfectly womanly feature). "You can shut the door av you please; I'm not coming into the room!"

"Eh! what?" cried Cook, rising to a sitting posture in the bed and turning half round—a movement which caused so much creaking in the bedstead as to impress the New Girl with the idea that the entire contrivance, cook and all, must inevitably tumble to pieces. "Eh! what's that you say?—you're not comin' into the room to-night?"

"I am not," responded the New Girl, if possible more testily than before.

"The saints be good to us!" exclaimed Cook; "what's that for?" and there was a pause. "Is it because I'm Irish that you don't want to sleep wid me?"

"Oh, don't be a fool," replied the New Girl—her temper evidently rising; "I'm Irish myself; but I'm not coming into the room because I don't want to."

"Holy mother!" cried Cook, again turning round in the bed, to the audibly imminent danger of utterly destroying the ancient structure beneath her. "Holy mother! Maybe it's because I'm a Catholic that you won't come to bed."

"Oh, go to——" began the New Girl, in answer, but suddenly correcting herself: "shut up and mind your own business, will you? I'm a Catholic myself; but the priest has put a penance on me that I'm not to sleep in a bed for two months."

"Oh, galory!" cried Cook, devoutly crossing herself, and falling back to a lying posture in the bed, whereupon the bedstead so groaned and creaked under the weight of that lady that its remaining whole could be regarded only as a miracle—"oh, galory! and are you goin' to sleep out there on the cold floor here in the dead of winter?"

"I am," replied the New Girl; saying which the bony, brawny young woman strode like a dangerous giant into the little apartment, pulled a quilt off the now recumbent form of the sleepy cook, causing another series of awful groans from the bedstead, laid the coverlet down on the

floor outside in the company of the trunks, wrapped herself in that dirty covering, and, to all appearances, went to sleep.

How it fell to Mrs. Fizzlebury's lot to acquire the services of this remarkably ungainly, awkward, ugly and ill-tempered girl will be explained in the chapter after the next.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. OTTO POTTHAUSEN.

MANY years have not elapsed since the memorable season when the Fizzlebury family spent a few of the hottest weeks of the year at Lake Mahopac. And it can scarcely be necessary to say much here of that fashionable watering-place. Everybody knows that while the summer company is usually slow and solemn at Niagara; highly respectable but excessively old fogy at Sharon; fast and sufficiently mixed to make it somewhat dappled at Saratoga; very much *oi polloi* and so much mixed that one might almost call it, in local language, "snarled" at Long Branch; and quiet, but delightfully social and genial, at that sweet American Eden known as Lake George; the company at Lake Mahopac combines the characteristics of all the other watering-places.

Thither, however, went the Fizzlebury family—

father, mother and daughter; and thither also, among thousands of others, went a young gentleman who was evidently a person of means. He drove a splendid team in a costly dogcart; he dressed superbly and in pretty good taste—for Lake Mahopac; he kept a boat on the lake; he played on the piano pretty well, and sang English and German ballads fairly—for an amateur; he frequently made to his lady acquaintances such innocent presents as the philopœna permitted and mammas could not object to; he was admirable in the waltz, laudably persevering in the galop, and indefatigable in the German; and his name was Otto Potthausen.

And this Mr. Otto Potthausen fell in love with rawboned Miss Arabella Fizzlebury, whose eye "showed that she was born to command."

It was rare fun for the bystanders to see how tenderly he looked into that eye when he sang, with so much feeling and sentiment that many believed him to be on the point of breaking into tears, "Du hast die schönste augen." And Arabella went so near falling in love with him as to excite wonder that when he made his final shake at "Mein liebchen, was wilst du noch mehr?" she did not plumply answer "Potthausen." All

of which was not only very delightful, but was even a little exciting for Pott (as his friends were accustomed to call him in the way of brevity), until at length society at the Lake began to talk about it, and to say that if Miss Fizzlebury was really "born to command"—for that little joke had got wind in some of the hotels—she would, in all probability, shortly command Mr. Potthausen.

Mr. Fizzlebury was not a whit displeased at this aspect of affairs. The rule of his house was similar to the rule of the "Fossil" Club to which he belonged—namely, that "poor men were not wanted there;" and he was rather tickled with the idea that a wealthy young fellow was likely to propose to his daughter. Nevertheless, Mrs. Fizzlebury, who fully shared her husband's hopes in this respect, adopted the tactics usual with that description of mamma known as the maternal intriguer. She pretended not to be aware that Mr. Potthausen was particularly attentive to her daughter, and she took her husband and child away with her from the Lake, in order to let "the world" of that little place suppose that Papa and Mamma did not care to do anything that might be supposed to foster the attachment.

Mrs. Fizzlebury accordingly gave Mr. Potthausen a cordial, but by no means pressing, invitation to visit the family in the autumn, and gracefully retired to the city residence.

Mr. Potthausen did make several visits to the Fizzlebury family after they had but a short time returned to the city; and he must have been rather demonstrative of his affection for Miss Arabella, seeing that, soon after my return to town, I received a visit one morning from a highly starched and very dignified gentleman, who looked as though he might recently have swallowed a gingham umbrella with the case on—so straight and puffed-up was his appearance—and who announced himself as "Mr. Eliphalet Fizzlebury."

He came, he said, "to enquire into the standing and means of Mr. Otto Potthausen, who has been—ah—paying visits at—ah—my house, and who seems to have intentions touching—hem!—my family in a manner—hem!—not now necessary further to particularize. He has spoken of you to my—ah—my daughter, in fact, as a friend, and I would be obliged for any information on the subject."

Now, Pott was a good fellow, in the social

application of this somewhat common phrase; and I frankly told Mr. Fizzlebury all that I knew concerning that young gentleman. I said that I did not regard Mr. Potthausen as a very learned party; but that I knew him to be an amiable, honorable, generous, good-tempered, one-bottle man, whom it was a pleasure to know, and whose friendship it was a privilege to obtain.

"Is he," enquired Mr. Fizzlebury, "is he—ah—wealthy?—that is to say, has he any means?"

"Not much of his own that I know of," I answered; "but it is generally believed that his father is reasonably wealthy, and it is within my knowledge that he is extremely generous to his son."

"Ah! then," said Mr. Fizzlebury, "his father is living?"

"Oh, yes."

"In this city?"

"Certainly," said I; "in the Eighth Avenue.'

There was a curious expression on Mr. Fizzlebury's countenance when I mentioned the Eighth Avenue as the residence of Papa Potthausen. It might have meant consternation, and it might

have meant disgust, or it might have been induced by a mixture of both.

"In the *Eighth* Avenue!" exclaimed Mr. Fizzlebury.

"Precisely," said I.

"What, then," inquired Mr. Fizzlebury—"excuse me, but what, then, may be the elder Potthausen's profession, or business?"

"What, old Potthausen?" said I. "Don't you know? I thought that everybody had heard of old Potthausen. He is and has been for ever so many years at the old-established place in the Eighth Avenue. He is a baker."

Now Mr. Fizzlebury had for many years been a carriage-builder, in which capacity he had not shrunk from building carts, and, I believe, even wheelbarrows. But he had retired from business; and, as a retired capitalist, he naturally looked down on bakers, butchers, and other persons whose ideas were so grovelling as to lead them to be still industrious. So that when his aristocratic mind was informed that the elder Mr. Potthausen was *only* a baker, Mr. Fizzlebury exclaimed with dignity, "A baker!" and took up his hat and cane for an immediate departure.

"Yes, a baker," said I, as Mr. Fizzlebury, pale and evidently horrified, prepared to leave me. "And a very excellent baker, too, I assure you." Mr. Fizzlebury was going without even saying "good-morning." I saw at once that he was a fully developed "snob," and, unwilling to spare him, I bawled to the retreating old fool, pursuing him even to the landing outside to finish what I had to say: "I cannot boast of his German bread, because I never eat that kind of stuff, and don't like it; nor of his twists, which are rather softer than suits me; but his French bread is excellent, and his rolls and *petits pains* are delicious."

Mr. Fizzlebury had decamped, and I returned to my easy-chair and laughed till I fairly wept.

It appeared, however, that I had unwittingly done young Potthausen much mischief by my too frank revelations to Mr. Fizzlebury. A few days afterwards, Pott, accompanied by our mutual friend, Fred Parkin, who was something in the Custom House, came to consult me concerning the totally unexpected and most deliberate insult which had been put upon Mr. Potthausen, junior, by the Fizzlebury family.

Pott said that Mr. Fizzlebury was a purse

proud aristocrat, who, after inviting him and receiving several of his visits. had recently left a message for him with the servant to the effect that the family would in future be very happy to take their daily supply of bread from his father, but that the visits of the son could no longer be tolerated.

Under these circumstances, Pott, who had vainly sought effective counsel from Parkin—a most agreeable young fellow, but utterly bankrupt in the commodity of advice—had come to consult me.

I recommended him to write to the young lady and request her to say frankly if the conduct of her parents in this matter met with her approval. But Pott said that he had written to her many letters—as many as three in one day—and that he was certain that they were intercepted and had not been allowed to reach her. He had even laid in wait, at the corner grocery for the Fizzlebury servant, and had presented her with a fee of five dollars as a recompense for delivering a letter into Miss Arabella's own hands; but he had since learned that the servant had been discharged that same day, and turned out of the house, through the agency of a police-

man, and—as Pott believed—had not had an opportunity of delivering the letter.

"Suppose," I suggested, "suppose you try another five-dollar bill on the new servant."

"My dear friend," responded Pott, "it would be of no use in the world. I tried that the day before yesterday; but they are always changing girls in that house, and seldom or never have a servant. When I rang the kitchen-bell this morning, expecting to see the cook answer it, Mrs. Fizzlebury herself came to the door—frightening me almost out of my wits—and slammed it in my face. I went directly up to the corner grocery, and was there informed that there were not any servants in the Fizzlebury establishment, the two girls having left, the evening before, in a condition of remarkable emaciation from the want of food."

CHAPTER V.

POTTHAUSEN, PARKIN & CO. IN THE "INTELLIGENCE OFFICE" BUSINESS.

"THEN there are not any servants, at present, in the Fizzlebury mansion?" said I.

"So it would appear," said Pott, somewhat equivocally; "only a cook; and she cannot be suborned, because she does not go out at all. Old Fizzlebury does the marketing and the errands, I suppose."

"Then they want a girl now?" I enquired.

"Of course they do," replied Pott. "They are always wanting a girl."

"Well, then, my dear Pott," said I, "the means of communicating with the young lady are at once apparent. They know you, and you can't go there. Mr. Fizzlebury knows me, for he was at my apartments a few days ago, and I cannot go there. Now, Parkin, do they know you?"

"They never saw me in their lives," answered Parkin.

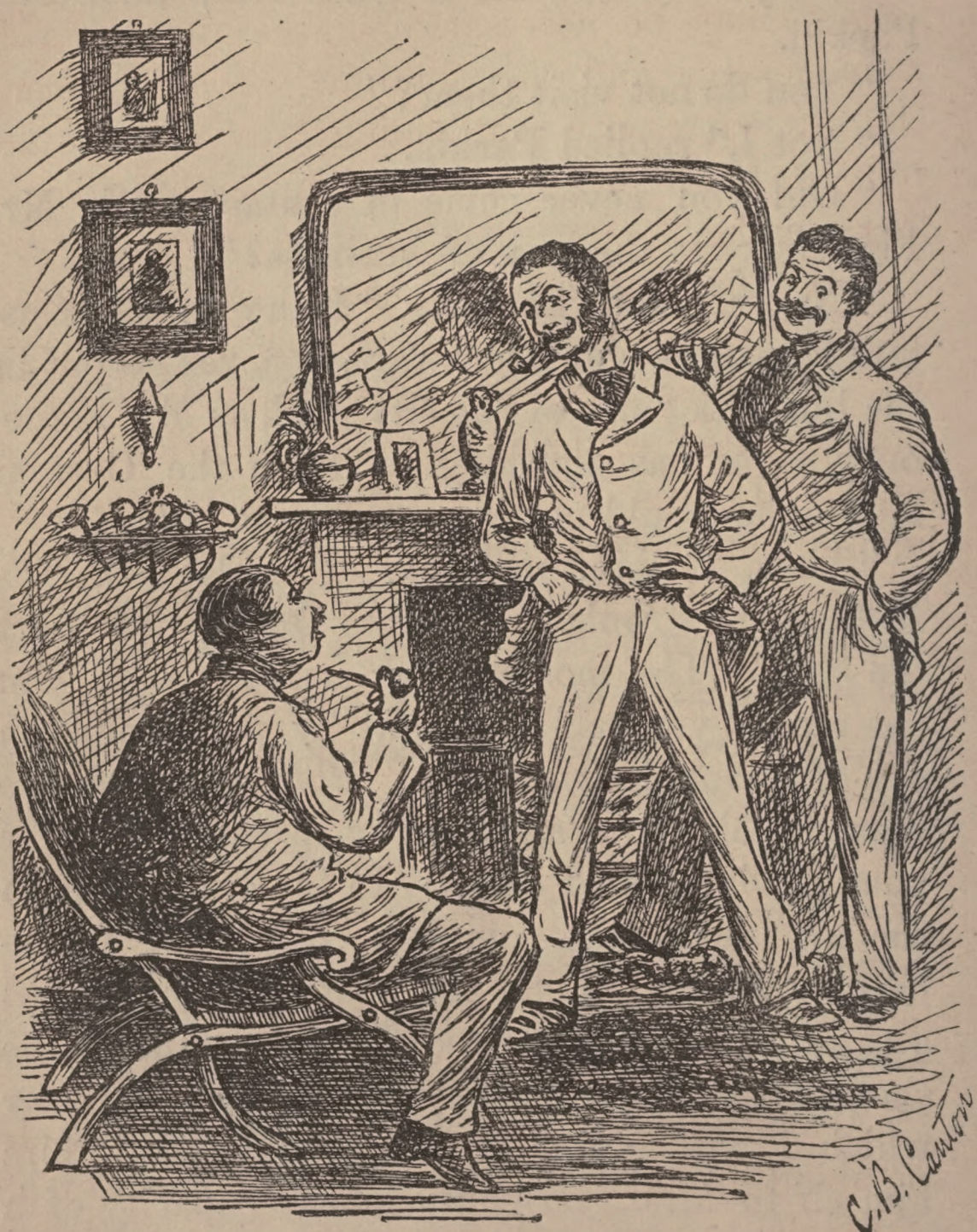
"You do not visit them?"

"Not I," replied Parkin.

"Did you never come in contact with Mr. Fizzlebury in the way of business?"

"Never," said Parkin. "Being in the Custom House, as you are aware, I never go out in the business parts of the city, and, as Mr. Fizzlebury never has anything to do in the Custom House, he would not know me from Adam."

"Then, Parkin, my boy," I exclaimed, "as Nathan the Prophet said unto David, 'Thou art the man.' The moment has arrived when you can render yourself immortal by performing an act of devoted friendship. Pott, communicate immediately to Parkin your message for the young lady. Send directly to the costumer's on the avenue for the complete costume of an Hibernian Biddy. Lend me a shaving-brush and a razor, and I will at once shave Parkin, and he shall call this evening, provided with a character which I will write for him, and he shall hire himself to Mrs. Fizzlebury in the capacity of a housemaid, in which position he will remain in that family a quarter or half an hour, or as



"THOU ART THE MAN."

long as may be necessary for the delivery of your message and the obtaining of an answer. His interview with that young lady will enable you to know her sentiments by eight o'clock this evening."

Pott's countenance brightened at the idea, which, I rather flatter myself, was an excellent one. Parkin's face, on the contrary, was pale, and exhibited evidence of great perturbation of mind. He was a fellow of a quick sense of humor; but he was afflicted with a feeling not common in the New York Custom House—he was bashful.

"Do you mean to say," cried Parkin, in alarm, "that I am to go to Mrs. Fizzlebury's as a New Girl?"

"You undoubtedly are," said I, peremptorily. "You have guessed it rightly the first time; and uncommonly well you will look when dressed for the character."

"What, with a moustache?" exclaimed Parkin.

"A moustache?" said I. "Certainly not. I am about to take that off. It isn't much of a moustache to part with, you know, Parkin" (and really it was not; a little, fluffy affair; nothing to speak of in society, though probably what is

vulgarly called a "big thing" in the Custom House). "You will have that taken off, Parkin; it doesn't amount to anything. And, after all, it will only be a masquerade of an hour at the utmost. There is nothing in it. I would do it myself if I were not known to Mr. Fizzlebury, and—— "

In short, we overruled Parkin's objections by loud talking, and, refusing to listen to his excuses, we expatiated largely on the proof which he was about to render of his friendly devotion to Potthausen, which we greatly applauded. I shaved him carefully, if not so closely as an expert might have done, after which solemn performance we dined sumptuously, at Pott's expense and in his apartment. The hired costume arrived at half-past four, and by five o'clock we had Parkin elegantly rigged out in servant's costume, with a red wig and an old bonnet on him; making up for him the indispensable "bundle," composed of his waistcoat and trowsers, enveloped in two copies of the New York *Herald*, after transferring his watch and money to the pockets of the cotton gown now upon his person.

Pott and I then did our best to put Parkin through his paces, which were much too energetic

for his costume, and to drill him in the tactics becoming his assumed position. Our greatest difficulty was in the proper toning down of his voice to the feminine key. He invariably began very well, in a fine falsetto, the sentences prescribed for repetition in our improvised rehearsal; but before he finished a phrase his voice would lapse again into the hoarse gruffness of a Custom House official replying to troublesome enquiries from a member of the stupid and importunate public.

However, we had him drilled and fairly ready for our enterprise by about half-past four o'clock, at which hour we endeavored to start him on his friendly mission. But all our persuasion failed to prevail on Parkin to go out into the street, apparelled as he was, before dark. He did not care, he said, whether the place was filled or not before he arrived at Mrs. Fizzlebury's house. "I am making an awful fool of myself," said Parkin, "and for no other man than Pott would I have consented to sacrifice my moustache, which I have been so long and so carefully rearing. But, if I go any further in this most foolish and ridiculous affair, I must be permitted to have my own way in it; and my own way most decidedly

is, not for any consideration that can be named, to appear in the street with this absurd costume on, before it is quite dark. If the situation be already taken by some other girl——"

Up to this point we had fairly kept our countenances; but when Parkin so far merged his own identity into that of his costume as to speak of *another* girl as his alternative, Pott and I could not contain ourselves any longer, but broke into uncontrollable laughter.

Parkin ground his teeth, and continued his remarks with a determination of manner worthy of a Collector of Customs. "I say again, if the situation be already filled, I shall not be sorry—indeed, I shall be very glad—for you fellows are taking advantage of my good nature and my unfortunate inability to say 'no,' even when I positively ought to say 'no' to my best friend, to make a perfect fool of me; a dolt—an ass—that's what I am!"

We did all we could to console Parkin with the reflection that his masquerade and the duty which he had so nobly undertaken would not occupy more than an hour. But Parkin was deaf to our remarks, and almost burst into tears when,

in his angry strides, he chanced to pass the looking glass.

However, as there was nothing to do but to wait, we waited until it was quite dark, and then Parkin consented to go out. And such, indeed, was our own want of sagacity, that, unmindful of appearances, and unable to dissociate in our minds the absurd figure before us from our friend, Fred Parkin, we actually sallied forth to accompany him to the near neighborhood of Mrs. Fizzlebury's residence. We sorely repented this lack of discretion when we met on our way three several parties of ladies and gentlemen at whose houses we visited, and who frowned ominously as they beheld Pott and me walking at either side of a gigantic servant-girl, whose newspaper bundle I was actually carrying for her.

To confess the truth, we were both heartily ashamed of the company of our poor victim before we had gone a hundred yards with him, and were very glad indeed when, arriving at the corner which had been agreed upon as our stopping-place, we bade him God-speed and left him to perform the remainder of his mission unaided and alone.

There were tears in Pott's honest eyes at this

PARKIN GOING TO THE SACRIFICE.

proof of Parkin's devotional sacrifice on the altar of friendship, as he remarked while watching the new girl's monstrous strides down the street, "He's a good fellow, now, and I'm sure it's most kind of her, and I shall never forget his friendship. But, as you say, it will be only half an hour's inconvenience for him, and when she comes back we'll drink a bottle of champagne with him, and I declare I don't know of anything that she might ask me to do that I wouldn't readily do for him."

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW GIRL, PARKIN.

Parkin stopped at the bar at the corner and fortified himself with a glass of something hot and strong, to the amazement and amid the winks of the persons in attendance; and then, resolutely determining that, if the ingenuity of man could compass this end, he would have speech with Miss Arabella before he had been ten minutes in the house, he strode to his destination, and rang the bell with a feeling of desperate courage. Mrs. Fizzlebury, in person, opened the door, and Parkin was admitted.

By Mrs. Fizzlebury the appearance of Parkin (the New Girl) was accepted as a mark of the great bounty of Providence in her utmost need. The proprietor of the Intelligence Office had promised that a servant should be sent to her at four o'clock that afternoon. But the hour had

passed, and so also had the girl; who, having heard, before she left the office, of the detestable character of the house, had declined to become an inmate thereof. Mrs. Fizzlebury was, therefore, suffering much distress of mind, and had willingly consented that Miss Arabella should go and dine at her Aunt Keduser's, since it would be impossible, without a housemaid, to have a comfortable dinner at home.

It must be added that Miss Arabella had her private reasons for wishing to be frequently at her Aunt Keduser's; because that lady lived opposite to the residence of Arabella's most intimate friend and confidant, Miss Wobbleham, who received and delivered, in secret and totally without the knowledge of their parents, certain notes which frequently passed between the Count de Couac, who was Miss Wobbleham's singing-master, and Miss Arabella. But of this, more by-and-by.

Great had been Mrs. Fizzlebury's distress that afternoon, and correspondingly great was her joy on beholding Parkin, though, if the truth must be told, he was anything but an agreeable girl to look upon.

"Come in—come in!" said Mrs. Fizzlebury,

with much affability. "Mr. Jackson at the Intelligence Office promised that you would be here at four o'clock, and it is now past seven. I began to think that you were not coming!"

Parkin felt that a resort to all of poetic imagination that he could command must be at once made.

"I went up to Harlem, ma'am, to tell my sister that I had got a place," said Parkin, as he followed Mrs. Fizzlebury into the parlor, and, after the manner of servant-girls in our day, seated himself in front of Mrs. Fizzlebury, who was standing.

"You seem to have a severe cold," remarked Mrs. Fizzlebury; "you appear to be very hoarse!"

"A very bad cold, indade, ma'am," said Parkin, wincing with the fear that his masculine voice might spoil everything; "a very bad cold, ma'am. I caught it washin' the windys with hot water one very cold day, and the byes in the street was very rude, indeed, ma'am——"

"Well, never mind about that," interrupted Mrs. Fizzlebury. "What is your name?"

"Mary, ma'am," said Parkin.

"Mary what?" inquired the lady.

"No, ma'am, av you plase, but Mary Murphy, ma'am."

"Ah, Mary Murphy!" repeated Mrs. Fizzlebury. "Have you a recommendation, Mary?"

"I have, ma'am," replied Parkin, finding, with much difficulty, the pocket of the strange garment then on his person, and into which he had stowed his money and his papers.

Hastily selecting the document which looked like the character which I had that morning written for him, he handed it, with a show of much confidence and integrity, to Mrs. Fizzlebury.

That lady adjusted her spectacles, opened the paper, frowned, and looked, as one puzzled, toward Parkin.

"One pair!" said Mrs. Fizzlebury, reading; "one pair pantaloons, fifteen dollars! One pair——"

Parkin almost snatched the paper from her, so eager was he to secure it, and exclaimed:

"That's not the paper, ma'am; that's a bill belonging to—my brother, ma'am. Here is my character, ma'am!"

And Parkin really trembled when he handed the recommendation to his new mistress.

"THAT'S NOT THE PAPER, MA'AM. THAT'S A BILL BELONGING TO MY BROTHER, MA'AM!"

It was, indeed, as I, its author, flatter myself, a most powerful document, and showed forth Parkin in a light of which he, or any other Custom House clerk, under similar circumstances, might well have been proud. It ran as follows:

"I take pleasure in certifying that the bearer is an excellent girl, of strictly moral character, high principle, and surprisingly moderate appetite. She is honest to a fault, and most civil and obliging to her employers. She has lived in my family eleven years, and leaves us, to our very sincere regret, because of our intended departure for Europe next week.

MRS. SMITH,
"28 Plymouth Rock Avenue, Brooklyn."

As a rule, it is safe for a girl, without a recommendation, to have one manufactured as dating from Brooklyn. It is a long way off for a lady who lives in the upper part of New York, and who, happening to be badly in want of a servant, will probably say, "Well, you can come, and the day after to-morrow I will go over to Brooklyn, and see the lady, and, if I find that she confirms this, it will be all right;" and so, if the girl

suits for a day or two, the proposed visit to Brooklyn is put off from day to day, and the lady never troubles herself to go thither. It may happen that, one fine morning, the new girl robs the house and decamps, whereupon the lady declares that she never again will engage a servant on a written recommendation—a determination to which she rigidly adheres until the next time, when her indolence and a pressing necessity may induce her to forget or waive her resolution.

"This recommendation," said Mrs. Fizzlebury, to Parkin, "is quite satisfactory, and, in a day or two, I will go over to Brooklyn and see Mrs. Smith. Are you an early riser, Mary?"

"Five in the Summer, and six in the Winter, ma'am," said Parkin.

"That will do very well," remarked Mrs. Fizzlebury, blandly. She was always honey to an incoming girl, and vinegar to an outgoing one.

"Can you remain to-night?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, certainly," responded Parkin, rather more eagerly than was quite prudent.

"Your duties here," observed the wily lady, in the most cordial tone she could assume, "will not be very severe. You will, the first thing in

the morning, sweep out the parlor and the dining-room after dusting the furniture. You will then set the breakfast-table, and give Mr. Fizzlebury his breakfast. In the course of the morning you will attend to the bedrooms and make the beds (Parkin winced at this announcement of what—expressed and understood—would be expected of him); but before doing so, and as Miss Arabella and myself always breakfast in bed, you will bring mine and Miss Arabella's up to our bedrooms. (Parkin shuddered and half rose from the chair with an idea of making his escape, lest he might hear something still more revolting in the catalogue of his duties.) You will then wash up the breakfast things, clean the knives, and assist Cook in the laundry-work. Are you a good washer and ironer, Mary?"

Parkin groaned in spirit at this new horror, but he had sufficient presence of mind to answer, "Illigant, ma'am."

"You will also go to market," continued Mrs. Fizzlebury, "do what mending of the clothes may be required, set lunch, perform such errands as may be needed, black Mr. Fizzlebury's boots (Parkin could scarcely sustain this last shock, and was on the point of saying that he would

see Mr. Fizzlebury somethinged first; but he restrained himself, and Mrs. Fizzlebury continued): "You will wait at table at dinner and tea, take the plate up to my bedroom on your way up to bed; and, by-the-way, can you make pastry, Mary?"

"Splindid, ma'am," said Parkin.

"Very good, indeed," remarked Mrs. Fizzlebury, who flattered herself that she now had the very pearl of housemaids. "Very good, indeed. And your wages?"

"Twelve dollars a month, ma'am," answered Parkin, promptly.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Fizzlebury, "I never pay more than ten."

"I'm speakin' in currency, ma'am," observed Parkin.

"So am I, Mary," responded Mrs. Fizzlebury.

"Well, ma'am," said Parkin, anxious to have these preliminaries over, in order that he might the more speedily obtain speech of Miss Arabella, "Well, ma'am, seein' it's you, ma'am, I'm willin' to say tin dollars to begin; thin if I shute you, ma'am, you'll make it twelve;" which was readily agreed to by Mrs. Fizzlebury as a

condition which bound her specially to nothing, and because she made it a point always to agree to anything and everything when a new girl was to be employed.

Parkin, then, according to the plan which had been agreed on between us as necessary thoroughly to blind his new mistress, began to play *his* part in the putting of questions.

"How many girls do you keep, ma'am?"

"Two," answered Mrs. Fizzlebury; "a cook and a housemaid."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't shute me, ma'am," said Parkin. "In my last place, at Mrs. Smith's, in Brooklyn, there was four girls, besides the coachman and the gardener, a small boy and a dawg, ma'am."

This answer immediately impressed Mrs. Fizzlebury with the idea that the imaginary personage whom Parkin called Mrs. Smith, but who was only a sort of Long Island Mrs. Harris, must be a highly respectable person whose acquaintance it would be very desirable to cultivate. She certainly would call on Mrs. Smith.

"Well," said the sly old lady, who was extremely anxious not to say anything likely to

disgust the new girl, "we have for some time had an idea of keeping three girls, and I think we shall shortly do so."

"How about the table, ma'am?" inquired Parkin. "What sort of a table do you keep, ma'am? because I never could eat cowld meat, and wouldn't like to be asked to do it; and you know yourself, ma'am, that any lady as *is* a lady would not by no means ask a girl to eat cowld meat."

Mrs. Fizzlebury promptly declared that she rarely, if ever, required her girls to eat cold meat. (She did not; it was not every day that they had meat, warm or cold.)

"You allow two aivnings out in the week, I suppose, ma'am; as other ladies does?"

"We always allow one evening in the week," said Mrs. Fizzlebury. (This was partially true. One evening was always stipulated; but when it was claimed, Mrs. Fizzlebury invariably adduced the fact of the other girl's having gone away that day as a reason why the privilege must be withheld.)

"I have always had Wednesday aivnin' to myself, ma'am," urged Parkin; "and av course Sunday aivnin' is my rights. To be sure, ma'am,

you won't ask me to drink black tea; I always drinks green, ma'am."

"I never take any other myself," remarked Mrs. Fizzlebury, who always bought for the kitchen the cheapest she could find, reserving the higher-priced sorts (and not very high-priced either) for her own table.

"You need not trouble yourself now about these matters," said Mrs. Fizzlebury, as soon as Parkin gave her a chance to speak. "If there is anything in the house that you don't like, you can let me know," continued the lady in her most wheedling tone. "Have you brought your trunk with you?"

"No, ma'am," replied Parkin, "I've brought only this bundle, until we see how we git along together."

"Well, go down-stairs then," said Parkin's mistress, "and Bridget, my cook" (she said "my cook" as though she had a proprietary right to Bridget, though she had been in the family only two days)—"Bridget, my cook, will show you how to lock up the lower part of the house, and to bring the plate up-stairs, which is all that will be required of you to-night."

And the New Girl, thus installed, was on her

way down the kitchen steps, to which Mrs. Fizzlebury pointed, when, suddenly remembering that he had not yet seen Miss Arabella, who was the chief, and, indeed, the only object of his visit, Parkin turned and again confronted Mrs. Fizzlebury.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW GIRL IS DISGUSTED.

"I BEG your pardon, ma'am," said Parkin; "but I hope the young lady is a nice, agreeable young lady, ma'am?"

"She is generally so considered," answered Mrs. Fizzlebury, with a grim smile; but she said no more.

Parkin was baffled.

"Couldn't I see the young lady and pay my respects to her?" he inquired, with what he conjectured might be regarded as a respectful but winning grin.

"You will *to-morrow*," replied Mrs. Fizzlebury. "Miss Arabella has gone to my aunt's, Miss Keduser, in Fifty-first Street, on a visit, and won't be home till to-morrow afternoon for dinner."

Miss Arabella had gone to Aunt Keduser's,

with the hope of receiving a letter from the Count.

This unexpected blow completely floored Parkin, and he stood there, like a man drunken as with wine, staring at Mrs. Fizzlebury, and hurriedly reviewing in his mind the terrible situation. "Gracious Heaven!" thought Parkin, "what is to be done?" To quit the house that night, after having accepted the engagement, would be at once to lose all chance of being again admitted, and of being enabled to serve Potthausen. But, on the other hand, to remain in the house and in such a costume all night, would be terrible. He thus stood cogitating until a yawn from Mrs. Fizzlebury reminded him that whatever course he would have to take must be immediately resolved on. The reflection flashed across his mind that, come what might, he *must* remain. To have sacrificed his moustache and placed himself in so humiliating a position, and then to go away without effecting anything, would be to render himself ridiculous throughout the remainder of his life. "In for a penny, in for a pound," thought Parkin. He *would* remain; and he turned again towards the kitchen steps, determined to complete the sacri-

fice which he had begun on the altar of friendship. So bewildered was he that he scarcely heard Mrs. Fizzlebury's remark; or, if he heard it at all, it seemed to him as though he heard it in an unpleasant dream—"How very tall you are, Mary!" until that lady repeated the observation, when he answered mechanically that he had "caught it from washin' the windys one very cold day with hot water," a reply which, fortunately, Mrs. Fizzlebury paid no attention to; and he followed her down to the kitchen, where he was duly presented to the cook as the New Girl, Mary."

"Murphy, ma'am," added Parkin.

"Have you had any supper?" inquired Cook, directly Mrs. Fizzlebury had quitted the kitchen.

Parkin was very surly and ill-tempered, and answered gruffly:

"Yes."

"And it's a good thing for you," replied Cook, "for there isn't a bit you'd have av you hadn't."

So Parkin sat and looked at the cook, and the cook sat on an opposite chair and looked at Parkin, for nearly an hour, during which period Parkin's feelings were becoming more and more bitter.

At length the presiding genius of the kitchen rose and said to Parkin:

"Come, now, and I'll show you how to lock up the house. He's got a latch-key, and nobody has to wait for him—but we takes all the keys upstairs with the plate. It's a patent lock on the front door, and when it's locked and the key upstairs, nobody can't open it, inside nor out, without the latch-key, but he's got that wid him."

"Who's *he?*" enquired Parkin.

"Why the husband," answered Cook, who was evidently incensed against the Fizzlebury family generally; for she instantly launched into so particular a history of the meannesses and stinginesses of the "ould woman" (meaning, of course, Mrs. Fizzlebury), eked out with the exaggeration common to all of her class, that had Parkin really been a female domestic, he would have taken fright and refused to remain another minute under a roof which covered so much wickedness.

When the shutters had been closed and the doors locked, Cook informed Parkin that, as she had to speak to the "ould woman" (thus was Mrs. Fizzlebury irreverently designated through-

out the period of Parkin's stay in that family), she (the cook) would take up the plate and the keys, and Parkin might go up at once to bed. This was just what Parkin most desired to do, for the wig made his head very warm, and he longed to take it off.

He accordingly enquired of the cook:

"Which is my room?"

"There's two rooms in the attic," said Cook, "but one of them is locked up because there's a rat or something dead in the flooring. The other room is open, and that's our room."

"OUR room!" ejaculated Parkin, with a small shriek. "Great Heaven! Can't I have a room to myself?"

"A room to yourself!" replied cook. "A room to yourself indade! Do you think you're in the Queen's palace to London? You'll find, my dear, that there's some difference between this mean owld house and the Queen's palace to London. The saints have mercy on us! A room to herself, indade! What next, I wonder?"

And thus it was that Parkin stood outside the door of the attic bedroom, as described in the third chapter of this veritable history, with an

"OUR ROOM!" EJACULATED PARKIN WITH A SMALL SHRIEK.

anxious, troubled, and disgusted expression on his countenance.

Now, Cook was evidently, and to all intents and purposes, a domestic virago; and had she, for a moment, suspected the sex of the New Girl, she would have raised such a riot in the house and neighborhood as had never before been known in that aristocratic locality. And, in like manner, had she had an idea of the disgust with which Parkin regarded her, in his present heart-rending dilemma, I believe she would, then and there, have scratched his eyes out. But, ignorant on both these points, she limited her suspicions to the belief that the New Girl was proud; because she (the cook) was Irish, or because she was a Catholic; and she cherished this idea until Parkin explained his unwillingness to come into the bedroom on the score of "a penance put upon him by the priest."

Parkin, as we have seen, finally strode into the darkened room, dragged from off the bed a quilt or blanket, laid it down on the bare floor outside, wrapped himself in that dirty covering, and so far appeared to go to sleep that the cook believed she heard him snoring.

CHAPTER VIII.

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF THE NEW GIRL.

PARKIN did not—could not—sleep. Enraged at his folly and weakness in suffering himself to be led into so terrible a position, he nevertheless resolved that, being in it, he would carry it out to what he called the "bitter end." He would not undergo, for nothing, what he had undergone and was still undergoing. It was a terrible sacrifice to make for his friend, but he would make it.

Such was Parkin's heroic determination when he first laid himself down in a position of repose. But it was Winter time, and the weather that night was bitterly cold. Parkin began to shiver—slightly at first, severely after the first half an hour; and, in what may be called the heat of his shivering, his friendly resolution began to melt away. After another quarter of an hour he began to feel incensed at what he considered to

be the selfishness of Potthausen in placing him in such a situation. After half an hour more he suspended his abuse of Potthausen and began to call himself names, as "fool," "dolt," "ass," for having undertaken so absurd a mission. After a further period of suspense he had got to seriously doubting the wisdom of his determination to go on with the sacrifice which he had so unwisely commenced, and he thought he would be acting far more sensibly if he were quietly to creep down-stairs, let himself out at the front-door, and go home to bed.

Accordingly, and at nearly midnight, he unwrapped himself from the quilt, groped his way in darkness to the head of the attic stairs, and stole cautiously down — down — down — three successive flights, until he reached the entrance-hall. The door was locked, and the key was absent. "Let us try the basement," thought Parkin; but the door to the stairs leading to the lower part of the house was also locked. This was worse and worse. What was he to do? He heard the measured tread of a policeman in the street. Should he bellow and ask the officer to get him out! Absurd! What would be the clear duty of the policeman, under such circum-

stances but to take to the station-house the man discovered prowling around a house in female attire at midnight, and to keep him there till the next morning for exposure and judgment? Then Parkin was visited with a happy thought. He would endeavor to get out through one of the parlor windows leading to the street. Horror! the parlor doors were locked also. Despondent to the last degree, Parkin sat down on the lower step of the hall stairs and meditated. What had he done to deserve being placed in so fearful a position? At any rate, and in spite of the cold weather, he had now become quite warm, by reason, firstly, of the horrid wig on his head, and, secondly, of the reflection that Potthausen and the author of this true story were, in all probability, enjoying themselves over a bowl of punch and with cigars at that very moment. The perspiration broke out freely on Parkin's forehead, and he felt almost like weeping.

While so engaged he was suddenly startled by footsteps coming up the "stoop," outside. A moment afterwards he heard a latchkey in the lock. It flashed upon him on the instant that this must be Mr. Fizzlebury come home. Parkin, catching up his skirts lest they should trip him

"IS ANYBODY THERE?" CRIED MR. FIZZLEBURY.

in his flight, darted up the stairs like lightning. The rustling of his clothing caught Mr. Fizzlebury's ears as he was about to close the door.

"Who's there?" cried Mr. Fizzlebury.

Terrified by this question, Parkin suddenly stopped, endeavored even to arrest his breathing, and awaited the result with what submission he could command.

"It must have been fancy," muttered Mr. Fizzlebury, as he banged the door to.

Parkin, seizing the baluster as a guide in the darkness, and, trusting that the echo caused by the shutting of the street door would conceal the noise of his footsteps up the stairs, made a sudden rush up the next flight.

"*Is* anybody there?" cried Mr. Fizzlebury, and stood still to listen.

So also did Parkin.

"It's that infernal cat again," said Mr. Fizzlebury to himself, and in measured steps pursued his way upstairs to the second floor.

Parkin, who was now half way up to the third landing, waited till he heard Mr. Fizzlebury's bedroom door close, and then, with drooping spirits and elevated skirts, crept up to the attic again, wrapped himself once more in the detested

quilt, and mentally swore and fretted until nearly sunrise, when, thoroughly exhausted, he slept and dreamed that he was washing and ironing old Fizzlebury, after which it would be his duty to do Mrs. Fizzlebury up into a pie.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BLOATED ARISTOCRAT OF THE KITCHEN.

PARKIN was yet in the very heat and fever of his dream when he was rudely awakened by the voice of "the other girl" (the cook) desiring him to get up, as it was nearly seven o'clock, "and the ould woman would be screaming like an ugly magpie if she didn't hear us coming down-stairs."

"You must feel awful bad," said Cook, looking down compassionately on Parkin, "sleepin' here on the cold floor all night, and in your clothes like that."

Parkin tugged the red wig into its proper place before he rose up. He then made to the cook a remark which perhaps had never before been made by one servant to another in Mr. Fizzlebury's family.

"I should like," said Parkin, calmly—"I should like, if you please, to have a bath."

"A what?" cried Cook, taken almost off her

feet by the revolting character of this most unusual request—"a what?"

"A bath," answered Parkin, with perfect coolness. "Isn't there such a thing as a bath-room in this house?"

"Oh, galory!" yelled the cook, and laughed like a crazy woman.

"What is the matter with you?" inquired Parkin. "What are you grinning at like a fool?"

"A bath!" cried cook. "Do you suppose the ould woman would ever let one of her help use her bath-room?"

"Well, how do you wash yourselves, then?" innocently enquired Parkin.

"Why," answered the cook, "when we *does* wash we does it in one of the stationary washtubs in the back kitchen, or else one of us pours a bucket or two of water over the other. Av you'll come down-stairs wid me now I'll bucket you."

"No, thank you," said Parkin, hastily, "I would rather not. Can't I even wash my face and hands?"

"To be sure, you can," answered 'Cook. "Come down wid me and I'll show you."

Poor Parkin! What with his agitation and his want of sleep, his head was aching, his joints were stiff, and his spirits generally were greatly below par. In a very cross mood he followed Cook down-stairs to the kitchen.

"There ye are," remarked Cook, throwing down before him an enormous piece of common laundry soap; "turn on the Croton water and wash your face and hands as much as you've a mind to."

"Very well; thank you," said Parkin; "and now if you'll have the kindness to go out of this apartment for a moment or two, I'll wash my face."

This was not pure bashfulness in Parkin, nor was it the result of any maidenly timidity on the part of Mrs. Fizzlebury's New Girl. The plain fact was that he could not perform his ablutions without removing his wig, which could not be done in presence of his fellow-servant. But this person, not understanding the motive of so much unnecessary delicacy in a housemaid, was incensed at what she naturally enough regarded as "the hussy's nonsense."

"Hoity toity!" exclaimed Cook; "are you so grand a lady that you can't even wash your face

before I go out of the kitchen? Indade, then, and I'd see you furder first, and sure you're losin' a lot of time wid your work. There's the side-walk for you to sweep and wash, and—there now! there's the milk! Get out now and take in the milk to oncet!"

Now Parkin was a young man who, in the late war with the Indians, or indeed in any kind of war, would have marched up to the cannon's mouth or to the sutler's tent as willingly as he would have gone to breakfast. But to go out into the street, in broad daylight, in his present costume? Not for worlds. He lacked the moral courage to do it, and he would not.

Mentally bestowing a forcible imprecation on Potthausen, another on me, and a terrible one on his female companion, whom he silently condemned to all the torments of Gehenna, he was suddenly struck with the happy thought that Cook might be open to the temptation of the *auri sacra fames.*

"Look here, Cook," said Parkin, "I have my reasons for not wishing to go into the street to-day!"

"Have you?" said Cook.

The cry of "Milk below!" was heard dis-

tinctly in the kitchen, and increased Parkin's misery.

"I have," said Parkin. "Never mind now what they are; I will explain them to you at another time. I wish you to wash the sidewalk for me and take in the milk."

"Milk!" again from the outside.

"You want me to do your work!" cried Cook. "Well, upon my word, you're about the sassiest and impudentest girl I ever lived wid."

"Milk!" was bellowed this time more vehemently than before.

"I'll make it all right with you, Cook," said Parkin. "Here;" and as he put his hand into the pocket of his dress there came a most vociferous call of "Milk!" from outside, and Mr. Fizzlebury put his head and night-cap over the baluster and, in angry tones, demanded to be informed why that milk had not been taken in; the man had been calling at the basement door a quarter of an hour.

"Here are two dollars for you, Cook;" said Parkin, trembling all over. "Take in the milk and wash the sidewalk for me."

Cook stared; but the two-dollar bill was a powerful argument with her, and the work was

done. Parkin profited by her absence to take off his wig, place his head under the tap, and enjoy as thorough a washing of his face as the adverse circumstances would allow.

Then there were the knives to be cleaned and the breakfast-table to be laid, all of which was done by Cook, who received therefor another dollar.

Fortunately, Mr. Fizzlebury, while taking his breakfast, was intent on the newspaper, and did not notice the awkwardness of Parkin, who waited at table and had about as much as he could do to resist a burning temptation to pitch into Mr. Fizzlebury on the spot, and shake him by way of gratifying his (Parkin's) sense of personal injury. He broke to shivers two plates and a cup and saucer during the ceremony, and Mr. Fizzlebury mildly informed him that the value of those articles would be deducted from his month's wages.

At length Mrs. Fizzlebury rang for breakfast to be taken up into her bedroom. Cook had already placed the meal on a waiter which she desired Parkin to carry up-stairs.

"Where am I to take it to?" inquired Parkin.

"To the ould woman's bedroom," answered Cook.

"What, *into* her bedroom?" said Parkin.

"Av coorse," answered Cook. "You carries up two waiters every mornin'—one into the ould woman's room and the other into the daughter's room. You draws the little tables up alongside the beds and you puts the waiters on the tables."

"But, for mercy's sake," said Parkin, "where will the ladies be all that time?"

"Sure, they'll be in their beds," explained the cook; "they never gits up before tin o'clock."

"Look here, Cook," said the unhappy Parkin. "Here's a five-dollar bill for you. Invent any falsehood you please. Say, if you like, that I am quite ill and unable to do any work at all until the return of Ar—— I mean until this afternoon —and that five-dollar bill is yours."

Cook stared at this new evidence of wealth and prodigality on the part of a servant like herself, and was by no means loth to continue the transaction of private business on the scale which appeared to be the rule that day. But she was a woman, and therefore was inquisitive to know how much money the *other girl* pos-

sessed. She was low-minded, and therefore was avaricious.

"You offer me five dollars," said Cook, "to go upstairs and tell a lie for you? I'll not do it!" (Parkin was frightfully perplexed on hearing this.) "I'd not tell a lie like that for myself," continued Cook, "and I'll not tell one for you —under tin dollars!"

Parkin immediately dived again into his pocket and brought up another five-dollar bill. "Get me out of doing what I do not wish to do," said he, "and the ten dollars are yours. But remember! I do no work of any kind until the afternoon. Now, get me a bit of steak and a cup of coffee, and I'll eat my breakfast while you go up and get me clear of work until I am ready."

Accordingly, Parkin sat down to breakfast at the point where Mr. Fizzlebury had left off, while Cook went upstairs and, with a very long face, related in detail to Mrs. Fizzlebury how that poor girl down-stairs must have eaten something that had disagreed with her, "for she is quite sick, indade, ma'am, and is groanin' dreadful." To which, Mrs. Fizzlebury, as became a fashionably charitable woman, answered that if

the New Girl was ill she had better go home, as she would be of no use in that condition. The which being repeated to Parkin, he returned for answer—and he did it with his mouth full of steak and fried potatoes—that he was too ill to go home now, but he would do so this evening—after dark; and, in the meanwhile, he hoped that in the afternoon he would be able to wait on the ladies.

CHAPTER X.

MONSIEUR COUAC—NOT MONSIEUR DE COUAC.

Monsieur Couac was one of that remarkably large class of persons who come to America because they have had "misfortunes." Monsieur Couac had been very unfortunate in his time, chiefly because, as he expressed it, he had always been misunderstood.

To believe what Monsieur Couac said, one would be convinced that had society been wise enough to understand him, both he and society would have been much the better for it, and America would never have had the satisfaction of affording an asylum to that worthy man. But society everywhere, until he came to America, had entered into a sort of conspiracy not to understand Monsieur Couac, whose motives had always been pure, philanthropic, philosophical.

Born somewhere in the South of France, he

had gone to Paris because his fellow-townsmen had so far misunderstood him as to imprison him for some months in revenge for certain acts of his which the court designated as offences against the law, but which Monsieur Couac (he was only Monsieur Couac till he came to America, when he assumed the prefix *de*) declared was only an unsuccessful attempt to enlarge the bounds of liberty and to aid suffering humanity. In Paris he had undertaken various positions, and had failed because he was always discontented and ambitious of better things. When he was simply a driver of a fiacre he longed to be an assistant in a grocer's shop, as being a position higher in the scale of positions than that of a mere *cocher*. When he did become an assistant grocer he felt that he was worthy of a better position, and desired to be a shopman in a *magasin* on the Boulevard. Disgusted with this position, as too small a one for his ambition, he aspired to be a banker's clerk, and did at length find employment in that direction. Here, however, he came to grief for misapplying his philanthropic views in the way of touching money which did not belong to him, and he was again put in prison, whence he emerged in the

glorious days of the Commune. Then did Monsieur Couac find scope for his ardent philanthropy and his philosophical love of liberty. The most violent denunciator of society, as the plunderer of the workingman, no more active distributor of kerosene among the monuments designed for destruction was known in Paris than Monsieur Couac. Very fortunately for himself he managed to escape from France in female disguise, and made his way to England, carrying with him certain funds which belonged to those workingmen who were also ardent friends of liberty and philosophical philanthropy.

In England, Monsieur Couac lived comfortably—one might say, even richly—during the short time that the money which he had brought with him lasted. When it was all gone, Monsieur spent much time in discussing with certain of his fellow-refugees the important question, if it was right that these *milords*—these miserable English *imbéciles*—should have so much wealth and such fine houses, gardens, equipages and servants, while the true friends of liberty, the philosophical and philanthropic refugees of the glorious Commune, who would have regenerated

mankind, were left without a sou. However, as the answer to this question could be given only in a philosophical form, and as nothing short of practical common-sense could enable these exiled patriots to obtain bread and meat whereon to exist, they were perforce compelled to find, somewhere, work which would afford the means of living. And Monsieur Couac, the Unfortunate, was so fortunate as to obtain employment as a waiter in a coffee-house. In this position he had been running ahead of his old enemy, "Misfortune," for some weeks, when he was again overtaken.

In a public-house, one evening, having taken a little too much "portaire beer," of which he had become inordinately fond in England, he broke into the conversation of certain mechanics who were enjoying ale and pipes; and, in his broken English, descanted on the philosophical and philanthropic subject which was dear to his heart. In the course of these remarks he not only lauded the Commune, but spoke of the English laboring men in such polite terms as "brutes without reason," "slaves who were willing to be the tools of capitalists," "cowards, who had not the courage to break their chains

and let the miserable aristocracy feel the power of the workingman," etc.

All of which received little attention from the artisans around him, who were discussing among themselves the coming Derby, the prospects of the next University boat-race, the new song at a neighboring music-hall, and kindred subjects dear to the hearts of the Johnny Bulls of all classes. But at length, and when Monsieur Couac became more vociferous and more biting in his observations, as angry at not finding any of the company willing to agree or argue with him, or even to listen to him, one of the workmen said to Monsieur Couac:

"Here! stow all that rot, and sit down and take a pot of 'alf-an-'alf. We don't know you, and you've been standing there over a quarter of a 'our calling us Englishmen names. Now stow it, and be'ave yourself."

This invitation making Monsieur Couac more furious than ever, he repeated in louder tones all that he had said before—namely, that the "vorking mans of zis country are covarrts and slefs. You don't know your r-r-r-rights and you have not the heart of mans to finish your slafery."

"All right," said the workman who had before spoken. "We are cowards and you're a hass and a —— fool. Now keep quiet and let us hear what we're a-talking about 'ere."

"Ah! you insult me, eh?" cried Monsieur Couac. "Well, zere! I insult you;" and so saying Monsieur Couac threw into the face of the man who had spoken the few drops which remained in the glass from which the liberty-monger had been drinking. Almost in the same instant the artisan had half risen from the bench, his arm had gone out in a straight line from his shoulder like a battering-ram, and Monsieur Couac, bleeding profusely at the nose, was flying over the adjacent chairs in a manner which suggested anything but philanthropy. The artisan immediately sat down again, remarking:

"If you want any more, my fine fellow, there's more where that came from. Bob, you're all wrong about that, I tell you. The '*Tiser* says the Cambridge crew this year will be the best that ever showed on the river, and if you back Hoxford you'll lose the pot; now see if you don't; and what's more——"

By this time Monsieur Couac had managed to get on his legs again. His face was bloody, his

hair dishevelled, his clothing deranged, and his temper ferocious.

"Ah! you have dare to make me a blow, eh! If you are a man of honor you will give me satisfaction. I demand your card — if not, your name on a piece of paper. I have friends here which will be witnesses. Your blood, your life, shall pay to me this. *Misérable! scélérat!* I call you to a duel. If you respond not, I proclaim you a *lâche.*"

To which apostrophe the artisans present responded with a peal of laughter.

"A duel!" cried they. "Pistols and coffee!" "Oh, law! ain't we frightened, though!" "Waterloo Bridge would be a nice place, now; it's so quiet; or would you prefer Cheapside, sir, at nine o'clock in the morning? Calm and comfortable there, sir, at that hour."

"Ah!" exclaimed Monsieur Couac, "you speak to me Waterloo, eh! *Lâche!* Covart! You will not fight? Then I strike you, also, *ignoble!*"

Out went Monsieur Couac's hand, suiting the gesture to the word; but as quick as thought the artisan had parried it, and dealt a counter-blow, which again sent the communist to the

floor, whence he was picked up by the publican's people and put out into the street.

The result of this encounter was the loss of Monsieur Couac's situation, the coffee-house proprietor declining to retain in office a waiter whose eyes were blackened, betokening, to say the least, a degree of very low life totally inconsistent with the reputation of a respectable house of public entertainment.

Thus thrown on the cold world, Monsieur Couac was, to a further extent, so unfortunate as to be detected in illegal attempts at obtaining money, from the punishment for which offence he escaped by secreting himself on a vessel bound for New York. And thus it was that America became the temporary residence of one of the most eminent "friends of humanity" and "philosophers" of the Kerosene School.

CHAPTER XI.

MONSIEUR DE COUAC—NOT MONSIEUR COUAC.

Arrived in New York, with but very little money in his pocket, Monsieur Couac nevertheless assumed very high airs; and, at the cheap boarding-house to which he resorted, called himself Monsieur *de* Couac, and exhibited indignation when any fellow-boarder so far forgot himself as to address the newcomer as Monsieur Couac. In common with most Europeans of his class who visit America for the first time, he imagined that he had arrived among a people but half-civilized, to whom he could teach many things and from whom he could not learn anything, but towards whom he would affably condescend. Americans, however, and foreigners who have lived many years in America, know so well how soon this conceit is taken out of the conceited stranger, that it is scarcely necessary to say that Monsieur de Couac had not been

many weeks in New York before his presumption came to an end simultaneously with his funds.

Cured of this folly, Monsieur de Couac nevertheless thought that a little *tromperie*, in a genteel manner, might be done among the Americans; and accordingly he had his cards printed with the "*de*" very prominent on them, a coronet on the top which showed his aristocracy, and the modest words "*Professeur de la langue Française*" underneath, which showed his need of employment. In this capacity he taught, in partial payment of his board and lodging, two children of his landlady, who procured him other pupils, possibly from motives of benevolence, possibly as a means of enabling him to pay the remainder of her weekly charges. Armed with credentials from these scholars and their families, he extended his business by applications for further employment, based on his "misfortunes," as an unhappy nobleman who had fled his country for political reasons, and especially because he could not remain in his beloved France and daily see her under the heel of the conqueror. Finding, however, that many of his countrymen —far more honorable and more discerning than he—monopolized much of the French teaching

that was to be done in New York, he hit on the happy expedient of combining music with philology, and announced himself also as a singing-master. He accordingly had new cards printed, on which he styled himself (always with the ornamental coronet on the top) :

Monsieur De Couac,

Professeur du chant et de la langue Française.

On one fortunate occasion he met Mr. Fizzlebury, and presented his card and his credentials. Mr. Fizzlebury, snobbish by nature and stingy by habit, was struck not only with pride at the idea of assisting to support a nobleman, but also with the economy of—if I may say so—killing two birds with one stone; in other words, of being enabled to engage for Miss Arabella a master of singing, and a master of French in one and the same person. Monsieur de Couac was, accordingly, engaged to impart what he knew of singing, which was very little, and what he knew of French, which was perhaps too much, to the young lady.

Monsieur de Couac, however, had not been so

engaged more than one quarter, when Mamma Fizzlebury observed and imparted to Papa Fizzlebury that the Count was somewhat too tender and too assiduous in his attentions to Miss Arabella, and that the young lady appeared to be rather too responsive to the nobleman's advances. Here was a point on which Monsieur de Couac and Mr. Fizzlebury were directly at issue. Monsieur de Couac did not care a snap of his finger for Miss Fizzlebury, *as Miss Fizzlebury*, but he cared a great deal for the rich man's daughter, *as an heiress*. Mr. Fizzlebury, on the other hand, did not care for a son-in-law as a learned or scientific man, but he very much cared to find for his daughter a husband who had both wealth and position. He, therefore, dismissed Monsieur de Couac from the further teaching of either French or music to his daughter; but he kept the reason of his so doing to himself. It hurt his pride to let any one know that a penniless teacher—even though he was a Count—had presumed to look on Miss Fizzlebury as a possible wife. With this feeling, and as a wise and benevolent man, he refrained from informing Mr. Wobbleham, to whom he had recommended the Count de-Couac, of the auda-

cious pretensions of that poor foreigner, and suffered him to continue his visits to Miss Wobbleham. The truth was that Mr. Fizzlebury would have warmly welcomed the Count de Couac as a nobleman if he had been rich, or would have been most happy to favor the suit of wealthy young Potthausen if he had been a nobleman.

Arabella, who had really fallen in love with the adventurer, chiefly because he was a Count, was very much vexed at his dismissal; but consoled herself with the reflection that she could occasionally see him at Miss Wobbleham's, and could constantly communicate with him by letter through the agency of that facile friend.

On the day, then, when Miss Arabella, availing herself of the opportunity furnished by there being no housemaid, had made this a pretext for dining at her Aunt Keduser's, she had received through the private post-office over the way a most important letter from the Count; the last of many that she had received during the month through the same channel of communication, and, indeed, the last that the Count ever wrote to her.

It followed hard upon one which he had had

the temerity to address to Mr. Fizzlebury only the day before, and, which, among other absurdities expressed "my idolatrie for your most adorable daughter, which I desire most profoundly to espouse, and which I shall cherish of all my heart." This eloquent appeal was indignantly repelled by Mr. Fizzlebury who did not even deign to answer it.

The substance of the Count's letter direct to Miss Arabella, through Miss Wobbleham, was as follows:

"MOST CHARMING MEES: I wish not to depreciate your estimable father in your eyes; but the voice of nature shall be for us the voice of destiny. We love ourselves; we shall make us happy forever. I again once place at your amiable feet the homages the most tender, the most sincere, of my heart too sensitive. I say to you of all the strength of my soul let us fly ourselves. I will elope you this evening at nine hours, when a carriage will be to the before of the door of the house of thy father, my angel of the heaven, when thou and me and my servant (who is in my confidence, and will call to you to-morrow in the afternoon by a pretext

to arrange with you), we will all drive away to the holy clergy gentleman, which shall bestow thy cherished hand on me, the happy one. Thy father despises me, but that is me which shall create thy happiness." With much other drivel of the same kind, which the romantic Miss Arabella regarded as the most beautiful amatory poetry ever written.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NEW GIRL SERIOUSLY AT WORK UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Cook continued, as the day wore on, to do her own work, and also that which properly should have devolved on Parkin, who zealously kept out of Mrs. Fizzlebury's way, and grew more and more anxious as the hour approached when it was expected that Miss Arabella would return home. But at about one o'clock in the afternoon a fresh horror took possession of the unhappy young man's mind.

As he sat dozing, with his elbow on the arm of the broken kitchen-chair, his person imbedded in the hole where the seat ought to have been, and his face resting on his open hand, the falling forward of his head, in his partial sleep, revealed to him, as his cheek slipped over his palm, that

—oh, Heaven! his face was rough. His beard was reappearing. His hair was dark, and the slightest beard upon his face would be immediately perceptible. Here was a new dilemma. He would certainly be discovered and dismissed with ignominy, if, indeed, he were not handed over to the police as an insolent impostor. What was to be done?

He, however, bethought him that money had, so far, led him out of difficulty. He would try the aid of money again. He once more addressed himself to the cook.

"Cook," said he, "would you go out on an errand for me?"

"Where to?" enquired Cook.

"Hush!" cried Parkin. "Here are five dollars. Go to any shop in the neighborhood where they sell cutlery, and buy me a razor—a sharp one!"

Now Cook already regarded the new girl as an insoluble enigma, and was prepared for almost any request from her, accompanied by a legal tender. But hearing a fellow-servant—a housemaid—a woman—deliberately and seriously demand so unfeminine an article as a razor, was too much for the cook's feelings.

"Holy Virgin!" she exclaimed. "What in the world would you do wid a razor!"

"Never do you mind," answered Parkin. "Go and do as I tell you."

"Is it murder you're thinkin' of?" resumed the cook, in horror. "Is it murder you've got in your mind this minute? And av it's on me you're goin' to try it, my girl, you won't do it now; mind that."

"Don't speak so loud," whispered Parkin, in an agony. "It isn't anything wrong I want the razor for; but I must have it, and that's all I have to say to you. I'm not goin' to hurt you."

"Tut!" said Cook. "I'm not afeard of you nor of the likes of you; but av it's not me you're goin' to hurt, who is it?"

"Hush!" responded Parkin. "I'm not goin' to hurt anybody, but I must have a razor immediately. Did you never hear tell of steel-wine as a medicine?"

"I did," replied Cook.

"And don't you know that steel-wine is made from the very best of steel, and that's razors?"

"Is it?" said Cook.

"It is," replied Parkin.

"And are you takin' steel-wine?" enquired Cook.

"I am," said Parkin.

"Give me the money," said Cook; which Parkin did, and she departed, returning in a few minutes to find Mrs. Fizzlebury in the kitchen, and Parkin with his handkerchief up to his face and moaning as in pain.

"You had better go home," said Mrs. Fizzlebury. "You're of no use whatever here; go home."

"So I will, ma'am," muttered Parkin, "when the pain goes away a little, ma'am. I often have these spells on me, ma'am."

"Here's your physic," said Cook to Parkin. "I thought it better for you and safer ivery way to get it for you *ready made*." And she handed to Parkin, to his unutterable disgust, a little phial labelled *Steel Wine*, with about half the change to which he was justly entitled.

Parkin scowled, but dared not make any remark in the presence of Mrs. Fizzlebury, who, mistaking the scowl for an evidence of nausea, whispered to the cook her belief that the New Girl was drunk. To which Cook replied:

"Indade, ma'am, I don't know but you're

right. I can't make out what ails her at all, and I'm very glad to hear that she's goin' away before night, anyway."

Mrs. Fizzlebury left the kitchen soon after this conversation; and she had scarcely shut the door behind her when Parkin, who could no longer contain his anger, dashed the phial of steel-wine on the kitchen floor and danced upon the pieces till he had ground them to powder. In this performance he was interrupted by the sound of the door-bell.

"What bell is that?" he enquired.

"That's the door-bell," said Cook. "I'll go to it." Which she did, and, on her return, she announced to Parkin that Miss Arabella had come home.

Parkin was indeed overjoyed at learning that Miss Arabella had returned. His martyrdom would now soon be over. He would see the young lady immediately, perform his mission, send Cook out for a carriage, and quit, in state, that accursed kitchen for ever. His malady was entirely gone now, and his usually good spirits had returned to him.

"Cook!" cried he, "what can I do for you?"

"Pale them pitatoes," answered Cook. And Parkin willingly peeled them. Then was heard the tinkling of one of the little bells directly over the chair in which he was sitting.

"Whose bell is that?" enquired the New Girl, nervously.

"That's Miss Arabella's bell," replied Cook. "I suppose I'll have to answer it, seein' as you can't."

"Oh, yes, I can, Cook," said Parkin, and would have jumped from the chair but that his being somewhat fastened in the hole where the seat should have been detained him. Extricating himself, he repeated to the cook that he was quite well now and would go upstairs at once. Scarcely had he so said, however, when a recollection of his growing beard and moustache made him pause on the very threshold of his enterprise. He passed his hand rapidly over his chin and lips. There was no mistake about it; the hairs were tangible, and must certainly be visible. What should he do? "Hold!" said Parkin to himself. "I've been ill all the day. I'll tie up my face in my handkerchief," and he did so. And not for worlds would I venture to describe to you what Parkin looked like with

that handkerchief under his chin and tied in a little knot on the top of his red wig.

"Which room is it?" enquired Parkin.

"The second floor back," answered Cook; and Parkin, catching up his skirts under his arms, strode upstairs in a state of nervous anxiety.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONSPIRACY.

While the events described in the preceding chapter were transpiring, Miss Arabella's attention was distracted by her inability—common to most persons—to do two things at one and the same time. She had to pack up her clothing for the proposed flight, and she could not remain two minutes without reading the Count's letter over again, and especially those portions which she found to be particularly interesting. The consequence was, that while the letter was being learnt almost by heart, the clothes still lay scattered here and there about the apartment in ridiculous confusion. What puzzled her so much as to require frequent re-perusal, was the paragraph concerning the servant, in whom Monsieur de Couac placed so much confidence, and to whom he had so fully entrusted a knowledge of his plans. The servant was to come to her aid at or near the hour of the elopement,

which was fixed for nine o'clock. But how was that domestic to assist her? What was that domestic to do in the matter? Her romantic mind had already suggested to itself ladders of silken cords, a light vehicle, and horses that were to run as swiftly as the wind. But if it was to be an affair of rope-ladders attached to the window-sill, how was that attachment to be made? and would it be decent on her part to actually put her entire person out of the window and descend, while the Count, and, perhaps, the servant also, would be below? She was terribly puzzled.

Miss Arabella had risen from her knees before the trunk in which the clothes were to be packed, and had gone, for the twentieth time, to the table to again read the Count's letter, when she was startled by a gentle scratching, rather than a knocking, at the door. Arabella was alarmed. It could not be Mamma;—that was a blessing,—for Mamma had gone out shopping. Who, then, could it be? Hiding the letter in her bosom, she unlocked the door and said, "Come in!"

The door was gently opened, and Parkin came stealthily and on tiptoe into the apartment.

"Oh, the New Girl," said Arabella, scarcely glancing at him. "I rang for you. Go down, if you please, and iron me a couple of collars, and bring them up immediately. Cook will give them to you from the wash."

Instead of doing as he was bid, Parkin closed the door and locked it, and then turned and faced Miss Fizzlebury.

"Why do you lock the door?" enquired the young lady.

"Hush," said Parkin, mysteriously. "Hush."

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Arabella.

"Hush," said Parkin again, and with increased mystery and importance, but afraid to break the truth to the young lady too suddenly, lest she should, by an ill-advised scream, spoil everything. "Hush, Miss Fizzlebury! I am not what I seem."

"What is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Arabella. "Are you crazy?"

"Hush! I am not what I seem," repeated Parkin, with the air of one who judged that, up to that moment, it was not prudent to say more. "I am not what I seem."

"I am very glad of that," said Arabella, "for

"HUSH! I AM NOT WHAT I SEEM."!

you don't seem very inviting. What do you want? Answer me directly."

"Hush?" whispered Parkin. "I come from *him*. *You* know. From your lover. I am not what I seem. Hush! don't scream."

Now, when Parkin said: "I come from *him*—your lover," with a special emphasis on the pronoun in the objective case, he, of course, referred to Potthausen. Miss Fizzlebury, on the contrary, who had entirely forgotten that young man, was struck with a dawning idea that the woman before her, whom she had taken for the New Girl, might in some way be connected with the subject of the letter in her bosom. Her color heightened, and Parkin proceeded with his somewhat incoherent explanation.

"Hush! Don't scream, I beg and entreat you. Have you received his letters? He fears they may have miscarried, and is distracted at the thought of their having been intercepted. Hush! don't scream. I am his confidant—his friend—though you now behold me in this menial garb. I am not what I seem. I am here to serve him and to serve you. Trust me."

The light, in all its splendor, broke at once on Arabella's mind. The Count had said in his

letter that his servant was in his confidence. This was the servant; and how delicate of him to send to her assistance a female domestic instead of—as she had feared—a man-servant. Parkin's appearance, just as Arabella was packing for her flight with the Count, tallied exactly with the advices just to hand. A faint scream escaped her.

"I am so glad and thankful that you have come," said Arabella. (Parkin grinned with delight at his success, so far.) "I have this moment received another letter from the dear fellow. He will be here this evening at nine o'clock, with a carriage. He writes me that you will be here to aid in the elopement. We will fly." (Parkin's brow became clouded.)

In fact this news staggered Parkin. It struck him as most unfriendly and improper on the part of Potthausen, that, after intrusting the whole affair to him (Parkin) yesterday, he (Pott) should write another letter to-day, through some other channel, and arrange an elopement without his (Parkin's) knowledge and connivance. He was puzzled. But perhaps Pott had received a letter from Arabella after the departure of Parkin from Potthausen's apartments the

evening before. It would be highly indelicate to ask too many questions at that moment; and at any rate, it was clear that Pott counted on the New Girl's assistance in the matter, since he had mentioned Parkin in the letter just received by Miss Fizzlebury. It, at least, spared him the degrading necessity of explaining that the new girl was a man in female attire.

"This evening at nine, is it?" said Parkin, puzzled.

"Yes," replied Arabella, "at nine. Go to him at once, and let him know that I am resolved to follow his advice, and will be ready."

Here was a fresh difficulty. Parkin could not or would not, go into the street in his costume. In the bundle which he had brought with him there were only his coat and pantaloons—nothing more. And it was clear that if he went out to deliver the message, he would have to return, as he was depended on for assistance in the elopement. Yet a refusal to go, at the bidding of Miss Fizzlebury, would seem churlish, and might lead her to suspect his fidelity.

"I cannot leave you, Miss Fizzlebury," said Parkin. "I promised *him* that I would not leave you for a moment, and I will not. But

believe me, I shall find means of communication with your lover. Lend me a pencil and an envelope, and trust to me."

"Nay," answered Arabella, throwing into her voice all the coyness she could command; "it will perhaps be more gratifying to him if *I* write, and I will do so discreetly, without signature or address."

"It will indeed be most gratifying to him," exclaimed the delighted Parkin.

And Miss Arabella wrote:

"I have seen your servant, and we understand each other perfectly. I await you at the hour appointed, and shall be ready.

"Devotedly and confidingly thine, A."

"Admirable!" cried Parkin. "I will direct it below, and dispatch it immediately."

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE IS SOME CONFUSION IN THE CORRESPONDENCE.

On his return to the kitchen, Parkin was informed by Cook that the "ould woman" had gone out and would not be back before five o'clock—a providential circumstance! Nothing could be more fortunate. He added to Arabella's note a brief line, by way of postscript from himself, saying: "Send your answer addressed to me (Mary Murphy)"—closed the envelope, and directed it to O. Potthausen, Esq., and dispatched it by Cook; for which service that unconscious confederate in Parkin's wickedness received another fee of one dollar. Cook was to convey the letter only to the corner grocery, where a messenger was to be employed to take the epistle to its address.

And now Parkin, having no menial work to perform, by reason of his previous financial arrangement with his fellow-servant (how true it is that some persons have riches thrust upon

them!) was left to bridle his anxiety and endure the torture of his wig as well as he could until nine o'clock. He had been just twenty-four hours in the Fizzlebury service when he received Potthausen's answer, duly addressed to "Mary Murphy."

"A million thanks, my dear Parkin, for your most valuable assistance, which has succeeded beyond my most sanguine hopes. I will be there at nine o'clock with a carriage as you direct; but what the carriage is needed for I cannot, for the life of me, understand. If an elopement be intended, I fear you have gone too far in your zeal for my interests; for I am free to confess that I am not, in any way, prepared for such a course. But I will be with you, nevertheless, at the hour which you have appointed. As for you, my dear Parkin, you are indeed a trump; and there is nothing in my power that I would not do for you in return for your great kindness. Go on and prosper.

"Yours, in haste, and deeply grateful,

"O. P."

This letter was extremely puzzling to Parkin. "If an elopement be intended?" What could

Pott possibly mean by this remark after his letter to Arabella, wherein he himself had proposed this step? Was he, at the critical moment, going to back out of the course which he himself had suggested, and, indeed, urged? That would be dishonorable to the last degree. "And, by Jove!" thought Parkin, "if he show the white feather now, he will doubly dishonor me. No, no! The girl expects an elopement, and an elopement she shall have, if I have to do it myself; though she isn't exactly the girl that I would fancy."

Several times in the course of the evening, he sought speech with Arabella in order to obtain an explanation; but he was always balked by the mother's being in the parlor with her daughter. He even volunteered to take dishes to the table at dinner, and he went so far as to wait on the family at that meal, where he made the most absurd signs to Arabella that he desired speech with her alone. She, poor girl, supposing that his horrible grimaces were intended only to let her know that he was on the alert for her sake, merely smiled at him behind her table-napkin, but, of course, said nothing.

At length, and most unfortunately, Mr. Fizzle-

bury caught Parkin in the act of winking at Arabella and making, generally, a most hideous picture of his countenance.

"What on earth," said Mr. Fizzlebury, "is the matter with the woman? Mary, what ails you?"

Parkin's face immediately resumed the absurd expression which the red wig and the handkerchief tied under his chin had imparted to it, and answered:

"It's the pain, sir. I've been quite bad all the day, sir."

"Then you had better remain in the kitchen," said Mrs. Fizzlebury, "till you are ready to go home. I have been to the Intelligence Office and they have promised me another girl to-morrow morning. Go down-stairs."

Parkin, accordingly, retired to the kitchen and resumed his seat in the seatless chair, to wait, with all the patience he could command, for nine o'clock; while Arabella underwent a similarly trying process in her own room upstairs.

At about half-past seven o'clock, however, circumstances occurred which changed entirely the aspect of affairs.

CHAPTER XV.

HIGHLY DETRIMENTAL TO THE NEW GIRL'S CHARACTER.

It was between seven and eight o'clock, and Parkin was waiting anxiously for the hour of nine, when Mr. and Mrs. Fizzlebury walked solemnly into the kitchen, and, confronting Parkin and the other girl, opened a terrible battery on them in so systematic a manner as showed that their employers were not new to this performance.

"Now just look here, girls, both of you," said Mr. Fizzlebury, with the air of a judge who scarcely deemed it necessary to listen to evidence before pronouncing sentence; "I am a very peaceful man, and a very quiet man; but I am not to be imposed on; and I assure you that it will be best for the culprit to make a clean breast of it at once, and tell the truth without

"NOW JUST LOOK HERE, GIRLS, BOTH OF YOU."

evasion. Mrs. Fizzlebury, when she went out this afternoon, left a brooch on her dressing-table——"

"A cameo brooch," interrupted Mrs. Fizzlebury, "in a gold setting—worth eighty dollars."

"That brooch," resumed Mr. Fizzlebury, "is gone. Nobody has been here to take it but you two girls. One of you must have it. Now, give it up instantly, or I'll have your trunks and your persons searched!"

Parkin's first impulse, on hearing this little oration, was to give Mr. Fizzlebury just "one" in his eye and floor him. Prudence, however, restrained our hero. He smiled contemptuously on Mrs. Fizzlebury, and bestowed on her husband a withering gaze, which had about as much effect on the old gentleman as if Parkin had simply requested him to go upstairs to bed.

Cook, on the other hand, set up a terrible hullabaloo. She denounced the house and all its inmates; declared that such a charge had never before been laid at her door; and actually foamed at the mouth in her fury.

Mrs. Fizzlebury was equally vociferous, though not quite so vulgar, in her remarks; and Mr. Fizzlebury, seeing that the brooch was not forth-

coming, sallied out for a policeman, with whom he speedily returned.

Then the scolding on the one side, the recriminations on the other, and the repeated calling of the parties to order by the policeman, combined to make a deafening clamor which might have been, and possibly was, heard at the corner.

The policeman immediately instituted himself a court of enquiry, and gathered such particulars as could be got together out of the hurricane of words now raging around him.

"Come now, my girl," at length said the officer to Parkin. "Come now; if you have taken that brooch, just give it up at once and be done with it."

"Hang your insolence!" answered Parkin, now thoroughly aroused. "But I'll catch you somewhere, my fine fellow, where I shall not be compelled to hold my tongue, and then——"

"You threaten, do you?" said the policeman. "That's a dangerous woman, ma'am," he remarked, speaking to Mrs. Fizzlebury, and indicating Parkin; "that's a dangerous woman, and I think I've seen her face in the police court before now, and more than once. Did you have a

character with her? It's my belief that she has taken your brooch."

"I must insist on her being searched," cried Mrs. Fizzlebury.

"I can't search her myself, ma'am," said the officer. "It's not allowed for us to search women. But if you will let some one go round for the matron, who does the searching of the female prisoners, that girl shall be searched immediately. I will wait here to see that she doesn't make away with anything that's about her person. She's evidently a bad woman."

Whereupon Mr. Fizzlebury himself departed in search of the matron; while Cook, full of the cowardly, cringing spirit peculiar to her class, and thinking that, if there really were a culprit in the case, she had better take steps towards clearing herself, began to turn State's "evidence," and to implicate her fellow-servant.

"I niver," said, or rather sobbed, Cook, "in all the places I lived in, I niver yit was accused of takin' a ha'porth of anything that didn't belong to me. I'm a poor girl, but I'm honest. But whin other girls is brought into the house wid you, wid their pockets full of money—Lord knows how they gits it—it looks queer it does, an' it's

hard for an honest hard-workin' girl to suffer for other people's badness, so it is."

These remarks led the officer to make further enquiries, which resulted in the exposure of the fact that the New Girl had "heaps of money" in her pocket. All of which looked very black, indeed, against Parkin, who felt really alarmed when Mr. Fizzlebury returned with the female searcher.

Cook at once expressed herself willing to undergo the ordeal. "Sarch me first, sir, av you plaise. It's the first time that sich a thing was iver asked of me; but sarch away, and all you'll find won't hurt you nor me neither."

The female searcher, who was a stout, muscular woman, retired with Cook into the laundry, and presently returned, declaring that the woman had nothing but a little paper of snuff and a phial or half-pint flask containing whisky.

"Now, then," exclaimed the policeman, indicating Parkin, "search that girl."

"Stay one moment," cried Parkin. "What money I may have had or may now have about me is nobody's business but my own. And as to the brooch which that old fool—(you may imagine Mrs. Fizzlebury's indignation on hearing

herself so designated by a servant)—as to the brooch which that old fool pretends to have lost, I know nothing about it. I have no objection whatever to undergo this most humiliating process; but no woman shall search me. Policeman, *you* may do it if you like, but don't let that woman touch me."

This was altogether a most natural, proper and decent exception for Parkin to take to the projected ordeal. But Mrs. Fizzlebury and the cook, still believing Parkin to be of their sex, simultaneously raised a cry of indignation at "the brazen shamelessness of the impudent hussy." (The gentle reader must endeavor to fancy Parkin a "hussy.") The policeman, himself, blushed to the eyes at Parkin's suggestion. At this moment the sound of wheels outside was heard, as of a carriage stopping in front of the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MELANCHOLY EXPOSURE.

PARKIN'S agitation was now intense. The carriage was at the door. Potthausen would be expecting to see the New Girl, at any moment, leave the house and come to explain to him the meaning of the suggestion regarding the necessity for the vehicle. Arabella, also, would be waiting for him to convey her out of the house, and into the arms of her impatient lover. Yet, there was Parkin, held at bay by an officer of the law on an absurd accusation of larceny, at the instance of two persons whom he regarded with unspeakable contempt, as the greatest idiots he had ever encountered in all his life. In his excitement he stamped on the floor, and, with the intention of pulling his hair out by the roots, he so misplaced the red wig, which, in his fury, he had forgotten, as nearly to expose to the persons around him the fact that he wore one.

"Finish your confounded folly at once," cried Parkin, "and let me go. I have a most particular engagement, and cannot wait here for your nonsense, you infernal idiots. Here, officer, here are twenty dollars for you. Let me leave this beastly den immediately. I have a most important appointment, and—here in your ear—I am not what I seem." And he held forth to the policeman four government notes of five dollars each.

"Bribe me, would you?" said the policeman, bringing his club smartly down on the wrist of Parkin's extended arm. (The officer might not have been so active in refusing the money and in administering punishment, had he and Parkin been alone; but no matter.) "Bribe me, would you? There is no doubt of that girl's guilt, ma'am; I think the best thing to do is to take her off to the station at once, and lock her up for examination to-morrow morning."

Parkin's wrist pained him exceedingly, and greatly increased his irritation. "Fool!" he shouted to the policeman, "let me go. I tell you again, I am not what I seem."

Arabella, cloaked and bonneted, was now on the kitchen stairs, waiting and wondering why

Parkin had not come for her box of clothing, and to afford her the promised assistance in getting her out of the house and placing her in the carriage. She was mortified beyond measure at the altercation going on in the kitchen, when, now and again, the angry sounds confusedly reached her ear. But what could she do to allay the storm? She knew that the carriage was in waiting, and was sure that the Count was in it and was looking, "with all his eyes" for her egress from the house. A happy thought struck her. She would go alone, and trust confidingly to the honor of the Count. And she started to go out at the basement door.

It happened, however, that the carriage which had arrived was not the Count's, did not contain that foreign adventurer, and had not been brought thither with any serious intention of an elopement. Its occupant was Mr. Otto Potthausen, whom Miss Fizzlebury had not the remotest expectation of seeing at that time.

The young lady had descended the stairs, and was proceeding to the basement door, when she was startled, and, indeed, arrested, by a voice not altogether unknown to her but which she could not at that moment identify, calling in a whisper

through the keyhole, "Parkin! Parkin! I am here. Why don't you come? Parkin! Parkin!" On hearing which, the startled Arabella turned and fled up the stairs again, and almost fainted on the uppermost step.

In the meanwhile, the policeman was insisting that Parkin should immediately put on his bonnet and be taken to the station. Our hero was frantic with excitement. A bright idea occurred to him. He would go out with the officer. At the door he would meet Potthausen, who would guarantee his (Parkin's) respectability, and, if necessary, give bail for him. He could then return into the house and conduct Arabella to the carriage.

"Officer! I will go with you," said Parkin, tying the old bonnet under his chin, "I will go with you at once;" and so saying, and seizing his bundle, he began rather to drag forth the policeman than to suffer that guardian of the peace to take him into custody.

"Stop!" said the policeman, seizing Parkin by the shoulder, and turning him half around and away from the kitchen door; "stop! Let us have a look into that bundle, if you please," and he snatched it from Parkin's grasp.

Just at this moment the noise of another carriage stopping before the Fizzlebury mansion was distinctly heard on the kitchen stairs and in the kitchen. Arabella, still sitting disconsolate on the uppermost step, was vexed beyond measure at this intrusion. "There!" said she to herself "some stupid visitors I suppose. How awkward! This will spoil everything. I hope that the Count has not alighted; he will be recognized."

As for Parkin, he was almost beside himself when he heard the other carriage stop at the door. "Is it possible," thought he, "that Potthausen could be so foolish as to bring two carriages. He could not have done more if he were going to be married publicly here in the house." And Parkin, in his agony, turned with a pleading countenance to the policeman.

"Officer!" cried Parkin, "not now. Do not, for mercy's sake, open that bundle now. To-morrow—by-and-by—at any time but now. I *must* go outside—to the station—anywhere. I *must* go out into the street immediately. Capture me—chain me. But let me go outside."

"Just you stay where you are," retorted the officer, placing himself between Parkin and the

kitchen door. "Just you stay where you are till I look into this bundle."

And so saying, the policeman tore open the flimsy newspaper covering, and produced therefrom, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Fizzlebury and the cook, a pair of trowsers and a coat. The lady and the cook appeared to be shocked beyond the power of expression. Nor were their harrowed feelings at all calmed when the policeman, remarking, "these are nice things, truly, for a *girl* to have in her bundle," with a sudden and unexpected jerk drew the red wig off Parkin's head, and the poor Custom-house officer stood ignominiously revealed.

His position was so overwhelmingly disgraceful, and was so keenly felt, that, but for the pride which partially overcame his sense of intense shame, Parkin would then and there have wept. And yet when the wig came off, and Parkin felt again the fresh and revivifying air on his head—which had for twenty-eight hours suffered the inexpressible torture inflicted by that covering—it really seemed to Parkin a relief for which he ought to be for ever grateful. He could, at least, breathe again.

The women, however, screamed—I might say

screeched—when the final exposure was made. Mrs. Fizzlebury, true to her instincts, at once turned on the cook.

"Bridget, you must have brought this man into the house."

Bridget, eager to screen herself from the possible consequences of this undeserved accusation, yelled the following observations in an angry voice, which was heard above the din of all other noises in the kitchen:

"A man! Good Lord! Mrs. Fizzlebury, I know nothing at all of the man, ma'am. I never seen the man till last night, ma'am. He slept outside in the garret hall. A man! Jist let me git at him oncet, ma'am, that's all I ask of you."

Parkin now felt really alarmed for his personal safety, Cook being a brawny and evidently a very powerful person.

"Silence, woman!" said he, and turned to the policeman. "Officer, do not form an opinion of me from what you have seen here. I am not what I seem!"

"No, I should say you are not," said the officer; "but we'll soon understand all about it." And he was about to lay violent hands

on Parkin when a terrible uproar in the street, and directly in front of the house, was heard. There were cries of "Police! police!" and even "Murder!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BATTLE OF THE RIVALS.

The noise in the street increased. There were cries of various signification, as "Part them! Part them!" "Shame to strike a little man like that!" "By jabers! the little one will be killed!" "Murder!" "Police!"

The officer, as a matter of course, desired to maintain the capture of Parkin; but, after all, his crime was only petty larceny, and what was this in importance compared with murder which might happen in the street at any moment unless the law immediately interfered? "Better," thought the policeman, "save human life than punish a servant-girl or even a male impostor for the theft of a brooch." The policeman accordingly rushed to the basement-door, closely followed by Parkin; and, once there, a number of persons began, each in his own fashion, to relate the affair to the officer.

How a carriage stopped at the door, and a gentleman alighted from it, and went into the area, and down the steps to the door, where he remained some time, whispering something through the keyhole. How, after a time, another carriage came to the door, containing two persons, apparently a gentleman and his servant; and the servant descended from the vehicle and stood on the sidewalk, looking up at the house, as if expecting somebody to come out and join him. How, while so engaged, he detected the first gentleman whispering through the keyhole; whereupon the servant returned to carriage No. 2 and communicated the fact to the second gentleman, who immediately alighted, walked into the area, and confronted the whispering party. How angry words, at first in a low key but gradually increasing in loudness, passed between the two gentlemen, and how, finally they came to blows, and the noisy and excited crowd gathered as by magic.

The facts of the case, however, were as follows:

When the Count's servant, discovering Potthausen at the keyhole, had communicated this fact to his master, the Count, highly indignant

at so ungentlemanlike a procedure at the door of a house which was the residence of his idol, stepped from the carriage and marched boldly into the area, where he confronted, and at once addressed, Potthausen.

"Sare, I suppose you are a gentleman, and zerefore I make myself ze honor to inform you, in a manner ze most confidential, zat I am here on a mission ze most important. Zere is a lady in ze question, and your presence here will be to her and to me ze most disagreeable and inconvenient."

To which polite remark Mr. Potthausen, withdrawing from the keyhole, responded bluntly: "I don't know who you are, sir, or what the deuce you want here. You say there is a lady in the case. That is just exactly what is the matter with me. Therefore, if you are a man of honor, you will make yourself scarce immediately, for there is a lady in my case, also."

"Sare," replied the Count, "you must be make a mistake of ze number or of ze street. Zere is only one young lady in zis house, and she has a private engagement wiz me."

"That cannot possibly be," responded Potthausen. "I have an engagement with only one

lady in this house, and that engagement is extremely private, and must not be interfered with."

The light suddenly broke on the Count.

"Oh!" said he, "I see it. Zere is no occasion to make quarrels between us. All on ze contrary, you and me can act togezer. You are, wizout doubt, here to elope ze Mozzer."

"The Mother!" shouted Potthausen, with indignation and the false English which is so current among young Americans at the present day. "The Mother! Not much, I ain't. I am here for the Daughter, and it isn't your business, any way."

At this moment a young lady, bonneted and shawled, and carrying a small hand-bag, appeared at the front-door. Arabella, finding the suspense too great to be endured in inactivity, had resolved on leaving the house without the aid of Parkin, and placing herself immediately under the affectionate protection of M. de Couac. She was at once and simultaneously recognized by Potthausen and the Count, and a rush was made up the front steps by both gentlemen. The young lady coming down, and her two lovers going up, met half way, face to face, and Arabella recognized Pott-

hausen. His presence at such a moment was a shock to her feelings, and she immediately turned for a hasty retreat into the paternal mansion. She had almost reached the door when a gust of wind blew it to, with a "bang," and she was locked out. To ring for admission was a course which she dared not take, since it would immediately lead to her exposure. In her perplexity she stood there, like a well-dressed statue (hind view), with her face to the front-door, in order to avoid recognition by the neighbors, whom the noise in the street had already called to the windows.

In the meanwhile, the two gentlemen's rivalry had broken out into an angry altercation, each one ordering the other off the steps under penalty of the consequences.

"My friend!" said Mr. Potthausen, "if you do not immediately make yourself scarce you will be sorry for it."

"Me make scarce!" ejaculated the Count. "I make youself scarce if you don't go avay right avay off, eh!"

"Look here!" cried Mr. Potthausen, "I have but one word to say to you. You 'get,' or I'll sling you into the street."

"Yes, sare, I will get zis young lady, and you

shall be kick avay from ze before of the door;" and so saying, the Count seized one arm of Arabella as though he would lead her down the steps, in which movement he turned her half round towards himself. At the same moment, however, Mr. Potthausen seized the young lady as though to lead her down the steps, and turned her back again towards himself.

Arabella screamed. Pott cried, "You let that young lady's arm alone or it will be worse for you." And the French gentleman, who was now in a furious rage, said, "You let alone ze arm of zis demoiselle, or I plunge you my fist in ze face."

Upon this, Mr. Potthausen let out with his disengaged arm, and struck the Count full on the forehead and eyes, throwing him back on the baluster, with Miss Arabella on him, her arm having remained in the French gentleman's grasp. Disengaging himself, however, he aimed a blow at Mr. Potthausen, who followed with another. Both gentlemen then released their hold on the young lady, in order the better to grapple each other in an embrace, in which position they rolled together on to the sidewalk, Mr. Potthausen coming down on the upper and M.

de Couac on the nether side. In this position Mr. Potthausen was incessantly belaboring M. de Couac's ribs, while that gentleman was engaged in the pleasant amusement of pulling Mr. Potthausen's hair out by the roots. The excitement attendant on these unusual performances was heightened by somewhat emphatic profanity on the part of Mr. Potthausen and violent yells of "Murder!" and "Police!" from the foreign gentleman, which were at once echoed by the motley crowd drawn together by the quarrel of the rivals.

It was at this moment that the policeman, followed by Parkin, emerged from the basement-door. This evidence that that means of returning into the house was open, at once suggested to Arabella a means of escape from her present mortifying position. But ill-luck would appear to have been her portion that evening. As she was about to go in at the basement, she met her father and mother coming out. Both parents were much excited.

"What is all this about?" Mr. Fizzlebury had enquired, when he suddenly encountered Arabella, whom he supposed to have been upstairs in her room. "Arabella, what in the world are

you doing in this crowd? How did you come here?"

And Mamma, opening her eyes very wide, as was her wont when she was astonished, said, "Arabella! explain yourself. How came you here?"

To an ordinary girl, brought up with genuine "little hatchet" principles, this would have been a most embarrassing question to answer under the circumstances. But Arabella was not an ordinary girl, and her principles were not of the Washingtonian order. On the contrary, and as has been seen, she did not scruple to deceive her parents; and the lady reader does not need to be told that the girl who will deceive her parents makes of falsehood an accomplishment of which she, in time, becomes rather proud than otherwise, and of which she will not scruple to avail herself in later years towards husband, children. or anybody else.

Accordingly, when Miss Arabella was asked by her father and mother how she came to be at the basement-door at such a time, she rallied her imaginative resources and said, "Upon my word, I really don't know. I put on my hat to go up to the stationer's to enquire if my music-book

was bound; that man has had it three weeks, and he promised to send it home in a week; and when I returned (the book is not bound yet), I found a crowd at the door, and such a noise, and a policeman; and really I feel so alarmed that I believe I shall faint. Pray, give me a glass of water."

Outside, Parkin was the only person who seemed to understand the position of affairs. His first step was to take Potthausen, by main force, from off the French gentleman. His second was to jump into the carriage which was nearest to him, and which happened to be M. de Couac's, and to pull Potthausen into it. M. de Couac, on witnessing this manœuvre, called to Potthausen: "Ah! zat was your game, eh! Why for you did not tell me you was here to elope ze servant? I would have help you instead of to quarrel you." Uttering which sentiment after his retreating rival, for Parkin had ordered the coachman, with the promise of a liberal fee, to drive as rapidly as possible away from the neighborhood of the dreaded policeman, and to turn ever so many corners, M. de Couac directed his steps towards Potthausen's carriage, which still remained in waiting. The policeman, how-

ever, feeling that it was necessary to arrest *somebody*, stopped M. de Couac and took him to the station, where he was detained till next morning, when he was produced in a somewhat dishevelled condition before a magistrate, under a charge of "disorderly conduct in the streets." A small fine was imposed upon him, and he paid it and was discharged.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BLACK FRIDAY AND HUMBLE PIE.

During the interval succeeding the events described in the preceding chapter Mr. Fizzlebury had not been happy, Mrs. Fizzlebury had not been amiable, and Miss Fizzlebury had not been contented with her lot.

The facts which had led to Miss Arabella's presence on the front steps, coincidentally with the appearance of the two carriages before the door, had leaked out among the friends—wealthy and needy—of the Fizzlebury family; and the reader does not need to be told that the most that could be made of the scandal was made by those friends, and especially by the wealthy ones. The double attempt at an elopement was magnified into all sorts of misconduct on the part of Miss Arabella, and exaggerated accounts of the affair accumulated to so great an extent that the Fizzlebury visiting list diminished rapidly under the fire of evil report. But the climax of this

unfortunate position was reached when it became known that Mr. Fizzlebury had been made a victim of the disasters of the Stock Exchange on that now notorious Black Friday when so many honest men were ruined, so many unfortunate rogues were disgraced, and so many lucky scoundrels enriched themselves with the plunder afforded by that shameless opportunity. Mr. Fizzlebury, on the Saturday morning, awoke to find himself a poor though not a dishonored man.

Then, indeed, did the Fizzlebury visiting-list become so small that it might all have been written on the smallest of visiting-cards. People say that this dropping-off of "friends" in the time of adversity is an "old, old story." It is none the less painful for being old; and, between the disgrace following on the elopement affair and the poverty brought on him by the Black Friday operations, Mr. Fizzlebury, in finding himself penniless and friendless, found himself very miserable. His unmarried daughter remained "on his hands;" his wife's temper, rendered more sour than ever by the reduced circumstances of the family, was almost insupportable; his conceit of his personal importance diminished with his visiting-list, and he was, per-

haps, the most unhappy retired carriage-builder that ever lived on this continent or elsewhere.

Under these disheartening circumstances it may be regarded as not wonderful, though it may be looked upon by critical persons as somewhat discreditable, that Mr. Fizzlebury called on me one morning with a motive which the following report of our conversation will disclose.

Mr. Fizzlebury opened the interview by remarking that it was a very fine day; in which observation there certainly was nothing that could be considered either wonderful or discreditable. And I answered that it was; a very fine day, indeed.

"But a little cold, I think," said Mr. Fizzlebury.

"Yes," I said, "I believe it is a little cold;" and then there was a pause, to relieve which I added: "but not very."

"No," answered Mr. Fizzlebury, "I would not say very cold—no—but a little—well, rather chilly."

And again there was a pause. It was evident that Mr. Fizzlebury desired to say something and did not know how to begin it.

After awhile, during which he had been ad-

justing his collar, toying with his watch-chain, and alternately crossing one leg over the other, he drew his chair nearer to mine and said:

"Serious changes have occurred with me since I last had the pleasure of seeing you."

It was plain that changes had occurred; for his coat was somewhat threadbare, and, under the pressure of misfortune, he had lost much of his former dignified, not to say haughty, air.

"I shall be sorry, sir," I said, "if the changes to which you refer have not been fortunate ones."

He drew his chair still closer to mine, as though, notwithstanding that we were alone in the room, he dreaded to be heard by any other person; or, perhaps, he wished to impress me with the idea that he was about to be confidential.

"They have not been fortunate, sir," he said; "quite the contrary—quite the contrary. My circumstances in life have been sadly changed; my means are greatly reduced; and absurd and most scandalous reports have been circulated concerning my daughter. Have you heard of them?"

I scarcely knew how to answer this question,

remembering, as I did, how much I had to answer for in that connection.

"I—ah—I think I have heard, sir," said I, "some whispers of an affair not in the slightest degree compromising to the perfectly honorable reputation of Miss Fizzlebury, but I think I recollect being told of an attempt to induce your daughter to—ah—leave your roof for the purpose of being married to somebody——"

"It was a plot, sir," interrupted Mr. Fizzlebury, with some vehemence—"a shameful plot sir. *A servant-girl, in male disguise under her own garments*, was surreptitiously introduced into my house. That girl, sir, was a viper—a wretch—sent thither by a designing French impostor to induce my daughter to enter into a marriage of which I never would have approved."

This view of the case was so entirely at variance with my understanding of Parkin's sex and his mission in the Fizzlebury mansion that I was puzzled, and remained silent.

"The fact is, sir, that we indiscreetly took that woman on a written recommendation which, I have every reason to believe, was a forgery."

Remembering that I had acted the part of forger in that affair, I winced, and Mr. Fizzlebury continued:

"Unfortunately, we were always changing servants in our house."

"A very bad thing to do, Mr. Fizzlebury," said I.

"It is," answered Mr. Fizzlebury, "a very bad thing, indeed. We keep only one servant at present, reduced circumstances compelling us to retrench; but we have a good girl now, and I intend that she shall be retained. But the woman of whom I spoke was a viper. My wife has, of course, to help in the work of the house now, and so also has my daughter. But oh! she was a viper."

"Who? Your daughter?" I stupidly enquired.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Fizzlebury; "I speak of that wretch without a character whom we employed—a viper. She stole my wife's brooch—I am sure of it—and escaped during the tumult which was caused in the street by that French fellow—and—another person."

"You allude, sir," I suggested, "To Mr. Potthausen."

"Well, that is partly what I have come to speak to you about," replied Mr. Fizzlebury. "I am convinced that Mr. Potthausen's presence on that occasion was dictated by an honorable, and, indeed, a friendly, motive. I am strongly impressed with the idea that that young man had some inkling of the designs of the foreign miscreant, and purposely appeared on the scene to thwart them. It was most honorable on his part, and I esteem him more highly than I ever did. You must know that he and I are old friends. He was at a watering-place where my family spent the Summer before the last, and we all liked him very much—very much, indeed. Mrs. Fizzlebury thought very highly of young Mr. Potthausen—very highly; and my daughter admired—well, perhaps, I ought not to say so much to you, or to anybody, but my daughter had, and still has, the most exalted opinion of Mr. Potthausen. And, thank heaven, that Count, as he calls himself, was married yesterday. I saw it in the newspapers."

Was I awake, and did I hear correctly? The scene in that same room, a few months before, when Mr. Fizzlebury spoke of Pott with a disdain which he did not seek to conceal, flashed

across my mind, and I wondered what Mr. Fizzlebury could be driving at.

"Yes, sir," repeated Mr. Fizzlebury, "that young man's conduct was most noble, and I honor him for it; my wife honors him for it; and my daughter, who always admi—well, why should I not say it openly?—my daughter, who always admired Mr. Potthausen, now regards him in the light of her preserver. He saved her, sir, from the degradation of marrying a vagabond, whom she never cared for. He shielded her from a danger of which, in her innocence, she was unconscious."

"If the old fellow has been made by his daughter to believe all this," thought I, "he must be very verdant."

"Indeed, I regret very much," resumed Mr. Fizzlebury, "that we have seen so little of young Mr. Potthausen at our house. My daughter, who has of late lapsed into a kind of melancholy, which is most injurious to her health, frequently says to me, 'Papa, why does he never come here?' I, of course, pretend not to know whom she refers to, and I say, 'Who, my dear?' and she answers always, 'That noble young man, my Preserver.' It is very touching, sir, very."

"But, Mr. Fizzlebury," said I, "I think it better that Mr. Potthausen should not go to your house. You know that his feelings towards your daughter were of the most affectionate character; and he knows, for you made him so understand, that his aspirations in that quarter are utterly hopeless. Why, then should he——"

Mr. Fizzlebury interrupted me.

"Hopeless! Why should they be hopeless? Is he not the Preserver of my child? Must he not know that his feelings towards my daughter are reciprocated, and that I would do nothing that would interfere with my daughter's happiness?"

The motive of Mr. Fizzlebury's visit to me now began to be extremely clear and intelligible.

"Am I, then, to understand, Mr. Fizzlebury," I enquired, "that Mr. Potthausen may entertain hopes of your daughter's hand? And may I so inform him?"

"Why not?" answered Mr. Fizzlebury. "Understand me—I thrust my daughter on no man's attention. I make no offer of my daughter's affection to any man. But Mr. Potthausen has once expressed himself desirous of an alli-

ance with my family. That desire touched my daughter's heart, sir; and the feeling of friendship initiated at Lake Mahopac has ripened—ripened, sir, into something more—ah—well, let us say more tender since she has had occasion to regard him as her Preserver. If, then, those feelings are mutually entertained, am I to obstruct the free interchange of honorable sentiments? I think not."

It was a wicked, because a malicious, thing to say; but I could not help saying:

"But, Mr. Fizzlebury, you surely do not forget what I had the honor of saying to you when we met on a previous occasion—namely, that Mr. Potthausen's father is *only* a baker!"

"Well, sir, and what then?" replied the old hypocrite. "What was I? A carriage-builder. *Only* a carriage-builder, if you will allow me to say so. In the eyes of the world," added Mr. Fizzlebury, with a touch of his ancient, dignified manner—"in the eyes of the world it may be that a carriage-builder, coming into contact as he does with customers—I may say clients—who are wealthy and occupy a certain station in society, may be considered higher in the social scale than one who puts on a white flannel suit

of clothes to work in all night, and whose dealings are at the rate of ten cents per customer. But I neither encourage nor countenance such weaknesses. You know that Shakespeare truly says:

"'A man's a man for a' that!'"

I did not know that Shakespeare had said that, nor was I at all deceived by Mr. Fizzlebury's hypocrisy. But it struck me that if the old gentleman believed that so shallow an artifice could induce Pott to marry Arabella, her father would be grievously disappointed.

Alas! How little do any of us know of the weaknesses of our neighbors or of our own ignorance of human nature!

CHAPTER XIX.

PARKIN AGAIN MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF MR. FIZZLEBURY.

I CALLED on Mr. Potthausen that evening, enjoying, in anticipation, the triumph with which he would receive the intelligence that the hand which he had once coveted, and which had been refused, was now actually offered to him. I dwelt in fancy on the indignant scorn with which Pott would repel the advances of the Fizzlebury family.

"Pott!" said I, "I have rare fun for you. You remember how condescendingly Mr. Fizzlebury offered to take bread from the Eighth Avenue Bakery, and how haughtily he refused to allow you to become a suitor for his daughter's hand?"

"I do," said Pott—"the old upstart! I remember it perfectly; and a lucky escape it was for me."

"Precisely. Well, times are much changed with the old gentleman now. He is almost ruined; and, indeed, I believe, he is very poor."

"I have heard of it," said Pott, "and serve him right."

"Quite so," said I. "But with the change in his fortunes has come also a change in his opinions. He was at my rooms to-day, and so nearly expressed a desire that you would renew your offer, that I may almost say he now wishes that you would marry his daughter."

"Indeed!" cried Pott. "Ha! ha! ha! I am not crazy enough to do so foolish a thing as that, I hope. Why, she would have eloped with that French fellow had it not been for the blunder about Parkin. No, thank you. I am out of that, and I mean to keep out. I marry no woman who is in love with somebody else. Mr. Fizzlebury may look elsewhere for a husband for his daughter."

"Why, of course," said I; "and as that French scamp is married to somebody else——"

"Married?" exclaimed Pott. "Whom did he marry?"

"Did you not see it in the newspapers? He married a widow with money. Some woman,

doubtless, whom he has cajoled with his title of Count. Yes, he is out of the way now, and Mr. Fizzlebury describes his daughter as most unhappy."

"Unhappy!" said Pott. "I am sorry to hear that."

"Most unhappy, her father says, and I think it serves her right."

"I don't quite see that," answered Pott after a pause. "She was wheedled by that fellow's foreign airs, you see. And then *she* never refused me; it was her father's doing. I am sorry to know that she is unhappy."

"Well, I am not," said I—"not at all sorry. She is evidently a flirt, and——"

"Pray don't say that," cried Pott. "Of course it is now all the same to me whom she marries. But I did love the girl once, and of course—it is nothing to me—but I—well, I don't like to hear that she is unhappy."

Pott's face, when he said this, exhibited so much of melancholy, and his conversation became so insipid, as though his mind were preoccupied—indeed, it appeared to me that he scarcely listened to anything that I said—that I made my visit a very short one, and left him in a brown study.

Three days afterwards Pott called at my rooms and informed me that he was engaged to be married to Miss Fizzlebury, and that the wedding would take place in two months from that date.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

It was a very quiet affair. Parkin was Pott's "best man," Miss Wobbleham was the only bridesmaid, and the company was not by any means numerous. But old Mr. Potthausen was there, so was Aunt Keduser, and so also was I.

Mr. Fizzlebury was most attentive—I might say almost obsequious—to the elder Potthausen, who had made several rich and elegant presents to the wedded pair, and there was a very fine breakfast when we returned from the church.

At this meal, Arabella was radiant. That "eye" shone with the satisfaction of a mind that had carried its point and was contented. Mamma said to Mr. Potthausen a little more than was quite necessary concerning "former years when we lived in luxury and in a style very different from that in which you see us now. But misfortunes *will* happen to people, and I sup-

pose I ought not to complain; but it is very hard—very hard on me especially," etc., etc.

The breakfast went off with great *éclat.* But several times during the meal Mr. Fizzlebury said to Parkin:

"It is very strange, Mr. Parkin; this is the first time that I have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, and yet it appears to me that I have met you, or somebody extremely like you, before."

And Parkin would stroke his moustache, which had grown again, and answer:

"Very likely, Mr. Fizzlebury. I am *sure* I have met *you* before. I would have known you anywhere."

After, however, we had drunk, in excellent champagne, several toasts, we all became very pleasant with each other, and so very hilarious that I think some of us must have talked a little too much. At any rate, I remember that I said to Mr. Fizzlebury, after he had for the fifth time repeated that he must have met Parkin somewhere:

"Mr. Fizzlebury are you certain that you have met our friend, Mr. Parkin, before?"

Mr. Fizzlebury said:

"I cannot positively say that I *have* met Mr. Parkin, but his features appear to me not entirely unknown."

"Do you remember," I asked, "the New Girl whom you received into your house and who stole Mrs. Fizzlebury's brooch——"

(Parkin was making all sorts of grimaces to telegraph me a petition not to proceed, but I continued.)

"The woman who, you informed me, had on male attire under her own clothing, and stole that brooch."

"The viper!" cried Mr. Fizzlebury. "You ask me if I remember her. I rather think I do; though I must, in justice, say that the brooch was not stolen. Mrs. Fizzlebury found it on the carpet the next morning. But the girl was a wretch, a viper."

Parkin, who had kept his eyes riveted on his plate while Mr. Fizzlebury was speaking, now raised them imploringly to me. But the champagne had made me garrulous, and I went on:

"Well, Mr. Fizzlebury," said I, "that viper now sits at this table with us. She had not a moustache when she entered your service, because I had shaved her that afternoon."

"You had shaved our New Girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Fizzlebury from the other end of the table.

"With these hands, dear madam," I answered, "and there she sits. Parkin, why don't you go out and take in the milk?"

Parkin darted a look of anger at me, and rose to leave the table and the house. But Pott detained him, and made him sit down again and take a little more champagne, which restored his spirits so completely, and especially as we were all now laughing at the matter as a good joke, that Parkin finally consented to tell the whole story and make a clean breast of it.

At first, Mrs. Fizzlebury scowled, and both fathers-in-law frowned; but, as the story went on, the angry countenances of the old people relaxed into smiles, and then into hearty laughter as Parkin related the miseries which he suffered on that memorable day.

The bride and bridegroom left us at three o'clock, and then Parkin made to Mrs. Fizzlebury the singular request that she would allow him to show us the spot in the attic on which he had slept on that memorable night, and the kitchen where he had passed so many hours of misery. Mrs. Fizzlebury, who had not fre-

quently refused when the champagne was offered and who was, therefore, in excellent spirits, readily consented, and Mr. and Mrs. Fizzlebury and myself followed Parkin up and down stairs and heard the story all over again.

The rest is soon told.

Mr. and Mrs. Potthausen live very happily together, chiefly for the reason that Pott was unable to follow my advice touching the management of his wife. "Pott," said I, "be guided by me and let your wife understand, from the beginning, that you are to be the head of your family, and the master in your own house. Let Mrs. Potthausen obtain the mastery and you will be her slave for ever;" which I earnestly believed to be just such wise and good counsel as should be given to a friend under the circumstances. And Pott answered bravely and like a hero, "Don't be alarmed about me, dear boy. I mean to keep the upper hand in my own household, you may depend on it." And Pott was so sincere and truthful a fellow that I feel certain that he believed what he was saying.

It was not very long after the wedding, however, before Pott had been brought by very slow degrees to the condition of a very obedient and

docile husband, which is a true picture of him to-day. No woman of ordinary intelligence is married quite a week before she succeeds in discovering the weak point of her "lord and master," and learning how to make it the instrument of bringing him to submission. In Arabella's case her weapon was tears. Pott could be very firm, and even obstinate, until Arabella began to weep. But so soon as Pott saw the water gathering in "that eye," he was unmanned and his wife had conquered. These constant victories of the wife over the husband vexed him at first; but he soon discovered that rebellion on his part only made the house very uncomfortable, and he gradually and quite unconsciously glided into the position of "a most amiable husband." Such, at least, was the verdict of all his lady acquaintances.

The only point on which Pott stood out to the last was on the subject of a generous, affectionate, and most disinterested proposal made by Mr. and Mrs. Fizzlebury, whose poverty had become very pinching, to the effect that their "dear children should come and live with them." "It would," they said, "be so much more economical for all parties, and they could all be together,

which would be the nicest thing in the world." But Pott set his face so positively against this proposition, that Arabella, although she was greatly in favor of it, and always supported it, was obliged to abandon it in the end.

Mr. and Mrs. Fizzlebury have been compelled, by the force of circumstances, to renounce the tinselled splendor in which they formerly indulged; but they live comfortably on means derived from sources which are a secret to all the world excepting only their generous son in-law. They have also discovered, in respect of their one servant, that to be rather liberal than stingy with her, and to treat her as a fellow-creature who can appreciate a kindness and can resent an injury or an insult, is a wiser course than to incur the danger attendant on constantly changing one servant for another.

Parkin long since resolved that it would be best to stick to male attire, and to avoid being led, by mistaken devotion for friendship's sake, into difficult and dangerous enterprises, which may promise to be of only half an hour's duration, but may extend to an almost unlimited period. He feels very sore when allusion is made, in the presence of strangers, to his perform-

ances in Mr. Fizzlebury's house. But at our little family dinners at Mrs. Potthausen's (he and I dine there every Wednesday evening), we sometimes indulge in a slight pleasantry with him, by requesting him to "get up and ring the bell," or to "go down-stairs for a scuttle of coals," in his ancient capacity as the "NEW GIRL."

THE END.

Mrs. Fizzlebury's New Girl.

DE CORDOVA.

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